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THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP AT NEW YORK.



Photo by G. West and Son, Palmerston Road, Southsea.

The first race between the American yacht Vigilant and the English yacht Valkyrie for the America Cup, which was left undecided on Oct. 5, was sailed again on Saturday, Oct. 7. The Valkyrie had on board the Earl of Dunraven, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton; her designer, Mr. G. L. Watson; her sailmaker, Mr. Ratsey; and Captain Cranfield, the sailing-master, with a crew of thirty-six men.

THE VALKYRIE, LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Universities have always taken to themselves the credit of having produced the most famous talkers. The metropolis has had its own view upon that subject, but has declined to contradict them. Now and then only has it expressed itself upon the point with bitterness, and perhaps with jealousy. I remember Thackeray saying, after a visit to Trinity, that he had heard Thompson (it must have been before he became Master of the College) tell the very same story that he had last heard there as an undergraduate thirty years ago. Nobody dares tell a Don when he is sinning in that way; there is nobody to take the "chestnuts" out of the fire for him. But in the Combination Room at Trinity or at Balliol there has been probably as "good talk," as Dr. Johnson called it, as at any single table in London. Jowett and Thompson were not unlike as conversationalists; their speech was rather rare than short, and certainly not sweet; there was a great deal of intentional acid in them of a contemptuous though not an ill-natured kind. Thompson had the advantage of the other in appearance; indeed, it is doubtful whether anybody was quite so wise as Thompson looked. Neither ever forgot that they were understood to understand Plato, which gave them a great momentum in case anyone was so rash as to "venture in his little boat against their galley." Their sayings, as in the case of the Belle of the Ball-room, "were extremely quoted." Some of them were excellent, though in both cases the speakers owed something to manner and their position in the University world. Whewell, who knew everything, and therefore Plato, was not quite so familiar with that philosopher as the other two, and on one occasion was even indebted for a remark about him to a translation. It caused that famous observation about the Ox and his Master's Crib which will ever gild the memory of W. G. Clark, a wittier talker than any of the others, but, being only a public orator and not the Master of his College, not so widely esteemed. Professor Donaldson was another University worthy whose conversation (to those who could understand it) was a liberal education. He was not quite so omniscient as Whewell, though he was heard to say, in a moment of agreeable frankness, that he knew everything but botany. It may be noted, however, that none of these gentlemen, except Clark, knew anything of contemporary literature—a thing that was invariably set down to their credit rather than otherwise; moreover, when they said things which to the superficial observer seemed a little rude it was charitably attributed to shyness. Whether there are any mighty talkers such as these left at either University I know not. As there were great men before Agamemnon, so such are, doubtless, to be found after him; but, if so, they are a class peculiar to their habitat, not to be compared—though by no means in any sense of inferiority—to their metropolitan rivals.

None of the talkers above mentioned became garrulous in their old age, nor, what is still rarer with men who have achieved a high position, did their conversation degenerate into monologue. The difficulty often experienced in such company by younger men "of getting a word in edge-ways" was not met with in their case. They were not "talk-stoppers," as Coleridge appeared to be to Carlyle, and Carlyle, in his turn, appeared to a good many people, though it must be admitted that a too venturesome individual had sometimes cause to say to himself, "I am sorry I spoke." Good conversationalists, those who adorn topics as they arise, and tip, as it were, the lamp of talk with flame, are very rare; the epigrammatist and the raconteur, though admirable enough in their way, are not to be spoken of in the same breath with them. From the nature of things, they are not found in youth; while the opportunity for monologue which reputation and position afford to old age is generally found too great to be resisted.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children—about the best society to which anyone can belong—like the accomplished elephant, can carry a howitzer or pick up a pin. It has been turning its attention of late to a small matter, as compared with the many more serious cases with which it has to deal, but nevertheless one that has too long been neglected—namely, the ducking of little children in the sea. The offenders, of course, call it "bathing," and contend that in spite of the shrieks and screams we hear from their victims that it is a wholesome process. It is difficult for some people to recall the miseries of childhood, and still more so for others to conceive why other generations should be spared what they have endured; but the fact is that the terror which finding themselves under water inspires in some children's minds is beyond belief. Total immersion is an excellent dogma for adults, but in the case of the young ought to be carried out with kindness and judgment; it is those who have the most imagination, of course, who suffer most from this cruel discipline both at the time and afterwards, and they are the least able to bear it. I remember, when I was a child myself, seeing a picture in *Hood's Own* which I thought would appeal to every heart from its sympathy with human suffering, whereas it only made those who should have known better, the grown-ups, laugh. Some miserable shivering children, at the open door of a machine, to which

a terrible man was advancing with the evident object of plunging them naked beneath the wave. How well I understood it all, except its semi-classical title, "Hedippus Tyrannus"! How it recalled for me some of the most miserable moments—literally moments, though they had seemed fortnights—of my life, when "life and light flowed from me, there was a thunder in my ears, and all was dark"! We poor children experienced, in fact, all the sensations of drowning every day, without having the satisfaction derived by so many correspondents in the summer months by communicating them to the papers. The objection of the Boy to washing (and possibly even the difficulty of manning the Navy) arises no doubt from the severity of his submarine treatment during infancy.

A writer in the *National Review* inquires whether golf is a first-class game, and, as is the manner of reviewers, answers the question himself. His view seems to be that a game which does not evoke the highest skill cannot be a first-class game; but the very notion of a game is surely rather opposed than otherwise to this object. Chess in this point of view is a game, and the king of games, but it is really less of a game than a science. Amusement, properly so called, does not enter into it; the most one can say of it, in the sense of relaxation, is that it is a pastime. Nothing fulfils the idea of a game, as it presents itself to the ordinary mind, which has no element of fortune in it. The immense and continual attraction of whist is owing to the just proportions in which, like the ingredients of a good salad, play and luck are mixed in it. Those persons who would fain see it deprived of its "honours" would rob it of half its charm, and at once cut off the moderate players, who form the vast majority of its worshippers. A first-class game is not necessarily that which confers happiness on the greatest number—because the spectators in some cases, as in football, may be counted among them, and football is certainly not a first-class game—but the attribute is of great importance. In this respect golf stands at the head of all games, since it can be played by persons of all ages, from childhood almost to second childhood, by both sexes, in all climates and in all seasons—if you don't mind playing on the snow with red balls. This can be said of no other game. As for its attraction, though it was a long time before it "took," it is immense, and is increasing by leaps and bounds. A couple of generations hence, it will be as "national" in England as it has been for years in Scotland. Let us hope, like its great rival, cricket, it will keep itself pure, and that its "holes" may never be pitfalls for the victims of fraud and greed. It is at present a blameless game, and almost innocent of swear-words. I have known a philosopher and divine to beat the air above the teed ball twice without an exclamation; it is true on the third occasion, when he struck the ground and broke his club (price three shillings and sixpence), I did hear something, but to have suppressed it under such circumstances (like Mr. Weller the elder's habit of silent laughter) would have been dangerous to life.

A speaker at the Church Congress expressed his opinion that the omission of grace before dinner is a sign of the spread of irreligion. At an earlier period in the world's history, when dinners were more difficult to procure, they were naturally thought worthy of special gratitude; but we have many things nowadays for which we are, or ought to be, much more grateful than for a good dinner, and for which we do not give thanks in public. In the bustle and frou-frou of settling in our places, the sacred words sound not only unimpressive but inappropriate. We cannot in a moment disengage ourselves from polite, but possibly frivolous, conversation to join in a solemn act which lasts, unless a Scotch minister has it in hand, at most thirty seconds. If anyone has been accustomed to it there is no such difficulty, but when it comes, as in most cases, to at least half the company as a surprise, it had better be omitted. Moreover, at the commencement of a meal no one is importunate for instant conversation, and there is no reason why a diner-out should not, if so minded, say his grace to himself. Whether it be good or bad, guests should always know what is going to happen to them. I remember a party at whist in a country house being broken up one night during the progress of a rubber by the bell for family prayers. One old lady who did not understand the character of the summons, and obeyed very unwillingly, put us all very much out by observing, "Well, I'll come down for form's sake, but I never do anything in that way myself." She thought it was a supper-bell. As to graces, Charles Lamb has had his say about them, though his unfortunate expression of gratitude ("Thank Heaven!"), when he had satisfied himself there was no clergyman at table, puts his opinion out of court with all well regulated minds. The custom has, at all events, fallen into disuse, and any attempt to reinstate it will be to revive one of—

Those usages thoroughly worn out
The souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn out,
which the poet tells us had better be left alone. Its advocate at the Congress asks, if this be so, why do we teach our children to say grace; but, in their case, it is fitting enough, since their mid-day meal is, as with our forefathers, a most important feature of their lives, and the act in question suggests nothing of inappropriateness

or anomaly. The "grace knives" of the sixteenth century, usually in sets of four, which, kept in an upright case of leather, were placed before the grace singers, are among the most interesting of archaeological relics. On one side of the blades are the musical notes to the benediction, and on the other the grace after meat.

The Hospitality Committee of the Congress, we read, had quite as much work on their hands as they could manage. Hosts were willing enough to receive guests, but upon their own terms: they stipulated for only such additions to their household as would be agreeable to it. Upon the whole, theological tenets seem to have been of far less moment than social attributes. In Birmingham, notwithstanding the ecclesiastical inroad, they still sturdily stuck to the view that belief is of less consequence than behaviour. One gentleman, otherwise full of hospitality, doesn't "want a visitor who says his prayers every five minutes"; another "would like a youngish man, who would be able to play cricket with the kids"; while a third, we may be sure of the feminine gender, though not as particular, is, at the same time, more exacting—"Send us some genial guest, a very nice one, please." The visitors, of course, on their part, are not in a position to dictate, but one of them, unwilling, perhaps, to come under false pretences or to keep an early family up at night, wishes it to be understood that the Congress will not engage his undivided attention: "Instead of attending the evening meetings, I shall like to go to the Prince of Wales's Theatre."

The notion of hypnotising De Jong, with the intention of getting out of him what he has done with his wives, is, we are told, gaining strength in Amsterdam. The legal authorities see no objection to the plan, and the medical world is of opinion that a person may be hypnotised against his will. The idea has certainly the attraction of novelty, but it strikes one that an accused person, whether innocent or guilty, who possesses a sense of humour, might get a great deal of fun out of the experiment. Under pretence of being hypnotised he might give the most interesting information all out of his own head, and despatch the officers of justice on very unlikely errands.

At a small post-office in the suburbs the other day a friend of mine, perceiving the shutters half-closed, expressed his sympathy on there being a death in the house. "Not only in our house, Sir, but in every post-office in London," was the unexpected reply. "Do you not know that Sir Arthur is dead?" Such a tribute to the memory of a "permanent official" seems worthy of note. I was at college with the late Secretary, but knew him only by sight: he was the handsomest undergraduate of his day, and then and long afterwards was known as "Beauty Blackwood." His knowledge of almost every individual connected with his office and his particular solicitude for their interests are said to have been most remarkable.

The best-abused class in England are editors, and they are not the most fortunate in other respects. A friend of mine was calling on one the other day, and (for purposes of his own) condoling with him. "Yes," replied the other, "we have much to bear and the times are just now exceptionally hard, because of the general slackness in advertising." "Moreover," said my friend, "there is the high price of fuel. For my part, I tell my people, 'Whatever you put on the fire, pray don't put coal.'" "We never do," said the editor; "that is the one advantage of my profession—it is independent of the fuel famine. We have ceased to return rejected contributions."

Folks who have been rod-fishing in Sutherlandshire have been much astonished at catching herrings; it has been sarcastically observed that we are not told whether they used sprats, which the proverb tells us are attractive bait for that fish, or whether the herrings were red ones; but, as a matter of fact, fish have been caught under much more unexpected circumstances. For myself, I am not a successful fisherman, and on the only occasion when I have caught trout in any quantity, have been told I was no fisherman at all. It was in Eastdale Beck, above Grasmere, where, after a long drought, I contrived by a skilful engineering operation to leave them very little water to swim in, and literally secured a haul. But my most brilliant haul was one of mackerel with a much more unusual receptacle. In a bay near Tenby, after an unusually high tide, "a still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand," was left by the sea, full of those beautiful fish. Anything more brilliant than their movements beneath the sunshine in that shallow water it is impossible to conceive. The friend with whom I was walking was for returning to the town for assistance, but "How do you know," I said, "that the tide may not come up and take them in the meantime?" He murmured something about the action of the tides being computable beforehand, but I am always against risks; moreover, some other visitor might have come and not understood that those mackerel were our property; so we tucked up our trousers, and opening our umbrellas used them as drag-nets, which, for all Solomon says, was quite a new thing under the sun, and most certainly new to him. The Queen of Sheba may possibly have had a sunshade, but it is to the last degree unlikely that she ever dragged for mackerel with it.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I cannot help regretting that the public, with such a vigour of determination, turned their backs on, and would have nothing to say to Lord Tennyson's "woodland masque" "The Foresters." To me, it is an infinite delight when I feel that others can, at rare moments, experience the same keen pleasure as I do, that the same music will sooth them as softens me, the same lyrics appeal to their sensitive ears as they fall pleasantly on mine, the same acting carry them away into a world of fancy as it does—oh! so rarely now—this sorry me. On the night that I saw the "woodland masque" I was wafted away in fancy to another age and another world. It was the same kind of joy you experience when, after weary weeks of working in London, nights of gas and days of incessant toil, you get away—say to Cobham Park, in Kent, near Gravesend, or to Knole Park, by Sevenoaks, or even to dear old and cruelly despised Epping Forest—and change your nature and strengthen your soul among the forest trees and "immemorial elms." It was not exactly the theatre to me during the love-scenes between Robin Hood and Marian, nor when the merry men of Sherwood Forest lay carelessly about the fern among the deer singing their songs, free as air and careless of civilisation. I was in another world altogether. At certain delightful moments the illusion to me was perfect, and this is why I regret the public was sternly told not to go to see what could not by any possibility delight them. Yes, of course I saw the absurdity of the comic scenes, their weakness and their transparency, as well as my brethren. They made me cross. Had I my way I would have cut them out altogether, made short shrift of them, and sent them "to the crows." But in good truth the beauty outweighed the absurdity in this "woodland masque." Was it very well to linger so persistently on the farce of the beggars, and to forget Ada Rehan standing in her lily garden—a picture by Rossetti—singing across the fresh green fields to her absent lover? Was it very kind to harp upon the witch scene and its reminiscence of the "single-handed entertainer," and to pass over as undone that scene in the rush-covered hall where Robin makes love like a courteous gentleman and the outlaws vow allegiance to their leader? Was it very encouraging to the poetic drama to dilate so strongly on the pricking of calves, the dancing of gouty old idiots, and the royal game of "buffets," and to give but a feeble word of commendation to the dream scene and the fairies and the glow-worms and the moon-illuminated bluebells and foxgloves of the haunted dell? I think there were some, if they had only been encouraged to come, who would have put up with the jarring moments of farce for the long delights of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music and for the chance of hearing such a lyric as "To sleep" so exquisitely illumined by the musician and the singer. But it is over now, and there is no use crying over spilt milk. Away go Sir Arthur Sullivan's music and Ada Rehan's acting, and the old-world life reproduced in the new, and very much that was beautiful in scenic art, and all the sensitive care of Mr. Augustin Daly's refined stage management! I expressed a regret on the first night that the dead Laureate could not be there to see how modern stage science and taste in arrangement can sometimes bring "poetry over the footlights." But now, as it has turned out, I am glad that the greatest singer of our time was not "among these voices"—to know that he had failed again where he wanted to succeed most. It would have pained him; it would have hurt him and wearied him even more than he was pained at the ill-success of "The Promise of May." Why, "The Foresters" failed even more dismally than "The Promise of May."

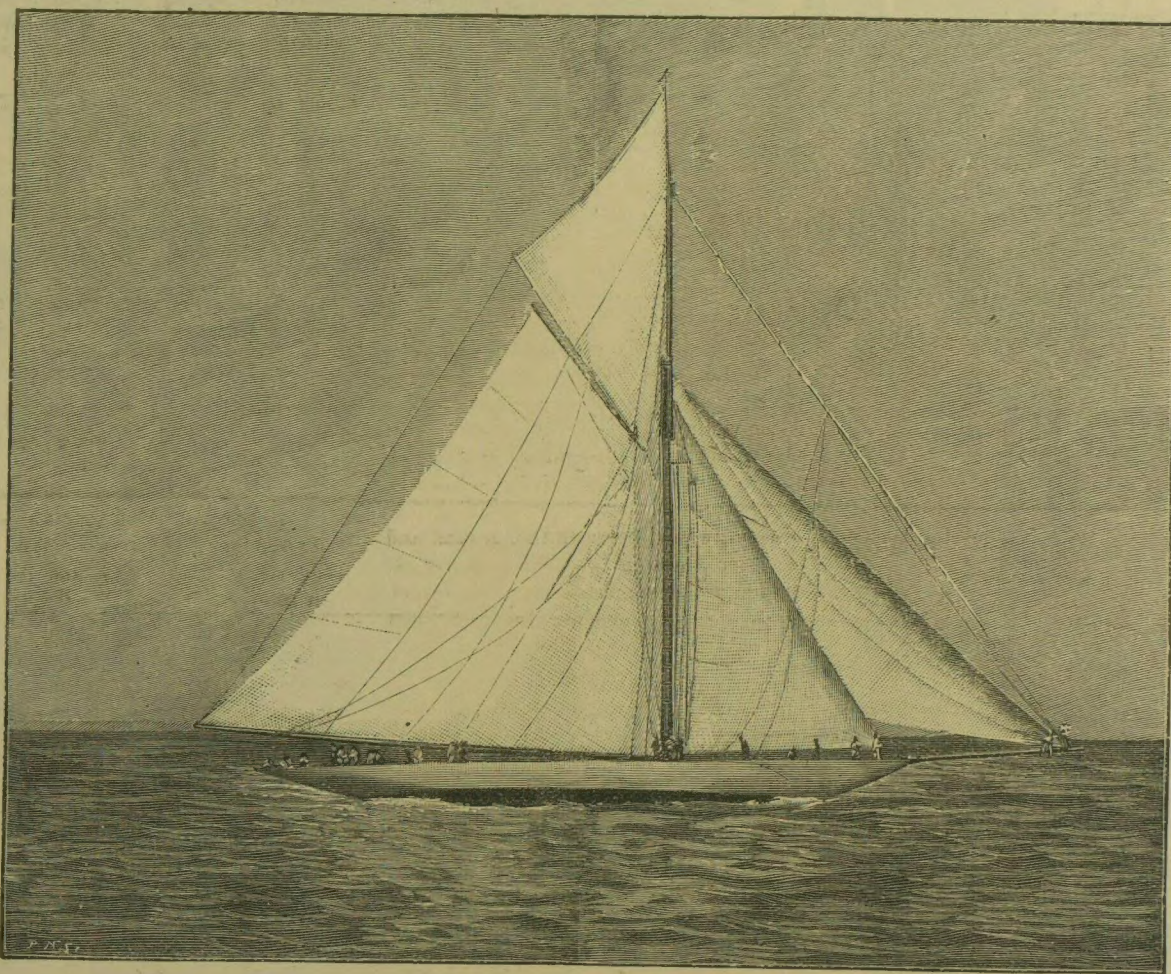
There is no accounting for tastes, no understanding why sometimes the playgoers stay away without even sampling the work of a great man. It may be that nearly all had read "The Foresters" in the book, and knew, as we all knew, that it was not dramatic in the sense that stage plays are dramatic. But the play of "The Foresters" is not the book of "The Foresters," and a careful re-arrangement and dovetailing of scenes made it far more real than the literary student could have imagined. No, the applause and favour denied to Lord Tennyson's "Foresters" were awarded a few nights after to "The Two Johnnies," a clever and ricketty version of the French farce "Durand et Durand," by Mr. Fred Horner. They preferred smashing crockery and tumbling flat on the floor to illuminated foxgloves and bluebells. Here was fun indeed—better fun, I am quite prepared to admit, than calves-pricking and games of buffets; more amusing scenes than those of the squeaky witch and the disguised Robin Hood. But still, in this case, the extravagance of pantomime was allowed to be passed over in favour of the comedy of Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. Charles Glenney, and Mr. Lionel Rignold. I doubt if the author himself quite approves the rough-and-tumble fun that seems essential to the well-being of farce, but the public, who decide, forgave all that for the sake of the ingenious complication

of the story and the general excellence of the acting. The mood last week was to prefer Mr. Frank Wyatt as a gay and careless barrister, and Mr. Charles Glenney as a mendacious grocer, and Mr. Lionel Rignold as an illiterate publican, to all the grace that poet could suggest and all the melody that musician could compose. Lord Tennyson's "woodland masque" was a dismal failure, and "The Two Johnnies" an uproarious success. And these are the days when we are asking the better-disposed people to patronise the reformed music-hall, to abjure the clumsy clown with the reddened nose and the "gin-fog" voice, to detest veiled indecency and coarse double meaning, and to go and hear Albert Chevalier sing lullabies and modern versions of the excellent sentiment embodied in "John Anderson, my Jo, John." It is a curious as well as a mad world, my masters!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RACES FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

The sailing contests outside the harbour of New York, between Lord Dunraven's yacht, the Valkyrie, and the American yacht Vigilant, for the America Challenge Cup, have excited much interest both in England and the United States. The Vigilant is the champion yacht of America, and it may be safely said that she is the fastest yacht in the world. This is indeed a proud distinction, but after the signal defeats inflicted by her upon Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie, there is no room for doubt that she has earned the title. The Vigilant was designed and built by Messrs. Herreshoff, of Rhode Island, in the early spring of



THE AMERICAN YACHT VIGILANT, OPPONENT OF THE VALKYRIE.

this year for a syndicate of New York yachsmen. She is a deep boat, drawing some 13 ft. of water, and is fitted with a centreboard. Her beam is some 5 ft. greater than that of the British yacht, and she has a sail area 1307 square feet larger than that of her opponent. Expenditure of money was no consideration to her owners in building the great ship—she is the most perfect racing craft ever built. The materials used in her construction were steel and Tobin bronze. The Tobin bronze was used for the plating of her underwater surface, and it is claimed that it is absolutely proof against the growth of weeds or parasites. With the enormous expense of such plating this is all the more to the credit of American patriotism, and it has been crowned with a very well deserved success.

The first race of the five arranged was attempted on Thursday, Oct. 5, down the New Jersey coast, but could not be finished, on account of the lightness of the wind. On Saturday, Oct. 7, the race was sailed from Sandy Hook fifteen miles east by south and back again; the Vigilant won by nearly six minutes, after deduction of time allowance—one minute forty-eight seconds—for greater dimensions and spread of canvas. On Monday, Oct. 9, the second race was sailed, when the Vigilant beat the Valkyrie by ten minutes thirty-five seconds.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on Oct. 4, being guests of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Wynyard, on their way home from Scotland, visited the town of Stockton-on-Tees, to open the Ropner Park, a new place of public recreation munificently given by Major Ropner, the Mayor of the borough. Our portraits of the Mayor and Mayoress are from photographs by Mr. Van der Weyde, Regent Street, London. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by Lord and Lady Londonderry, and were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, the ex-Mayor, the town clerk, the Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Westcott, and Sir Henry Havelock Allan and Lady Allan.

In the Ropner Park the National Anthem was sung by a large assembly of schoolchildren; an address from the Corporation was presented, and the Duke of York, with a brief reply to the address, declared the opening of the park. Their Royal Highnesses were entertained at luncheon in the Exchange Hall.

Leaving Stockton-on-Tees the same afternoon, their Royal Highnesses arrived at York, where they were met by the Lord Mayor of York, Alderman J. Close, and the Lady Mayoress, who accompanied them part of the way to Fairfield, the residence of Mr. R. C. Vyner and Mrs. Vyner, where they stayed the night. There was a guard of honour of the 1st Royal Scots, and an escort of the 6th Dragoon Guards, with much demonstration of welcome in the streets. On the next day their Royal Highnesses came to pay a formal visit to the city, entering it by the Shipton Road, in an open carriage with their host and hostess, escorted by the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Hussars. At the Mansion House they were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the Aldermen, the City Sheriff, and the Town Council. Among the company were the Archbishop of York, the Dean of York, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Feversham, Lord Downe, Major-General Wilkinson, and Mr. F. Lockwood, M.P., and Mr. Butcher, M.P. The Recorder, Mr. Price, read the address of the Corporation offering the freedom of the city to the Duke of York. It was accepted by his Royal Highness, taking the customary oaths and signing the roll of freemen. The Lord Mayor, after taking his hand and welcoming him with the usual phrase, presented him with the certificate of his admission, in a beautiful casket. His Royal Highness returned thanks in a short speech, expressing his pleasure at having had the title Duke of York lately conferred on him by the Queen. He

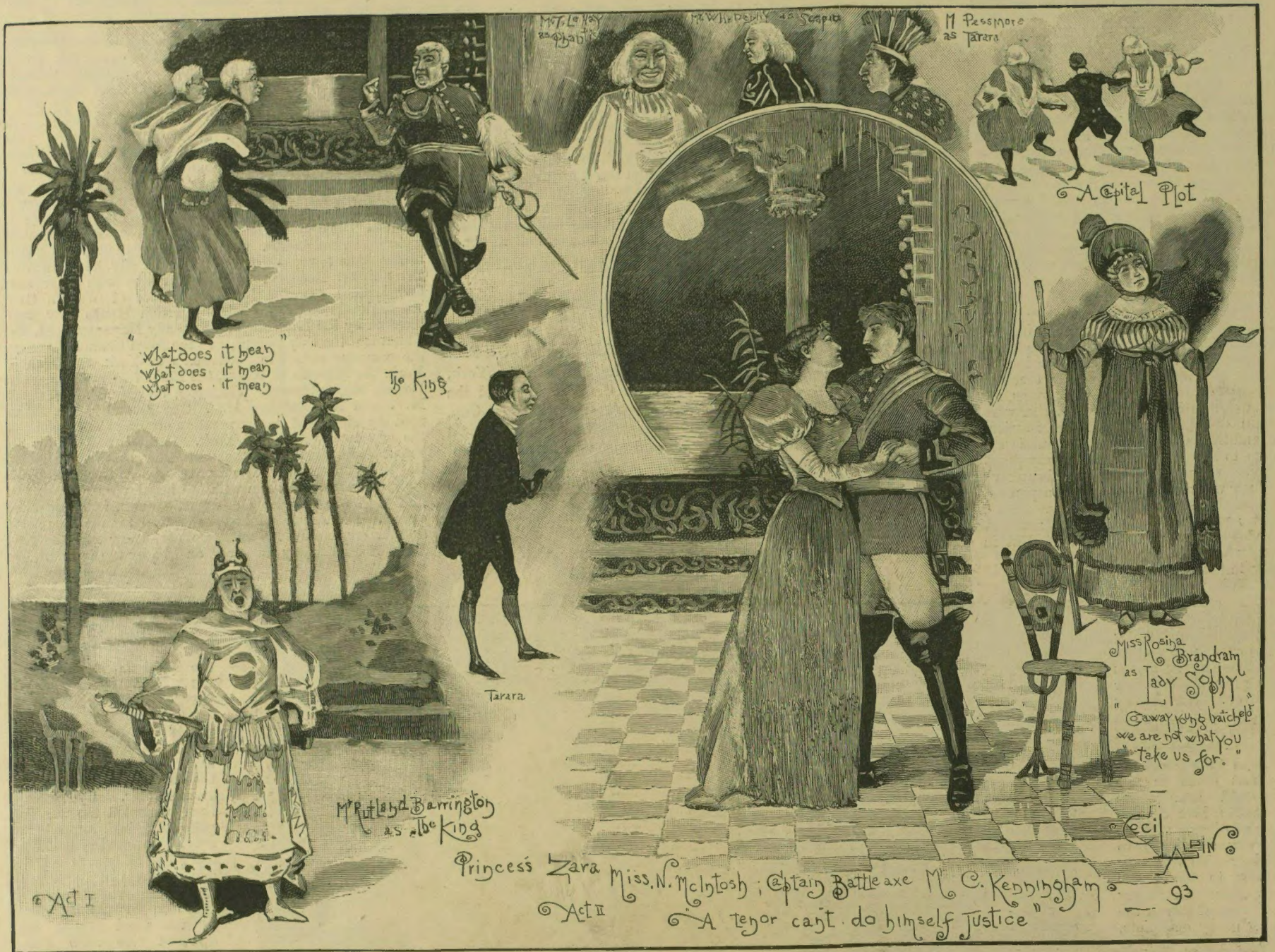
and the Duchess of York were conducted to the State-room of the Mansion House, where the subscribers to the city wedding gift had assembled. Here the Lord Mayor presented the gift, a reproduction in silver-gilt of the handsome loving-cup given to the Corporation two hundred years ago by Serjeant Turner, at that time the Recorder of the city. The Mayor of Sheffield (Mr. Batty Langley) then presented the wedding gift of Sheffield, consisting of a valuable assortment of steel and silver cutlery. The Duke and Duchess of York were afterwards entertained at luncheon in the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor, and opened the new Free Library, where they were presented with a copy of the Rev. Canon Raine's "History of York." Their Royal Highnesses attended a service at York Minster.

THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON AT TOULON.

The Russian naval squadron, under the command of Admiral Avellan, now assembled at the French Mediterranean port of Toulon, consists of four armoured cruisers and one unarmoured cruiser. The most powerful of these ships are the Admiral Nachimoff and the Nicolai I., each built of steel and copper-sheathed, the latter being 326 ft. long and 67 ft. wide, having a displacement of 8440 tons, with an armour-belt 14 inches thick, and armoured turret battery, and deck-plating 2½ in., with engines of 8000-horse power and twin screw-propellers, which give a speed of nearly sixteen knots an hour; her armament consists of two twelve-inch guns, four nine-inch guns, eight six-inch guns, ten quick-firing guns, machine-guns, and six torpedo-dischargers. The Admiral Nachimoff has not such heavy guns, but is of equal steam-power and greater speed. The Pamiat Azova, which is the ship in which the Czarevitch made his voyage round the world, is a lighter vessel, with nine-inch armour-plating, has a speed of seventeen knots, and can carry coal for steaming 12,000 miles; her guns, placed in barbette, are of eight-inch and six-inch calibre. The Dmitri Donskoi, also built of steel, has armour six inches thick, and her guns are similar to those last mentioned. The unarmoured cruiser, the Rynda, is a much smaller vessel, carrying six-inch guns.

REVIEW OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The Chairman of the London County Council, Mr. John Hutton, with Mrs. Hutton, accompanied by Mr. A. W. Downes, Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, on Saturday, Oct. 7, reviewed the London Fire Brigade in Hyde Park. The force assembled was about 190 officers and men, with eleven steam fire-engines, eleven manual fire-engines, and six hose-vans, under the command of the chief officer, Mr. J. Sexton Simonds. These were formed on three sides of a hollow square on the north side of the Park. Mrs. Hutton presented the medals of honour to members of the Brigade distinguished for bravery at fires, including the silver medal awarded to Samuel Eade, now a constable of the Metropolitan Police, for his action on Nov. 6 last year at a fire in Commercial Road; also bronze medals for long service and good conduct. The engines went past the saluting-point at a trot and afterwards at a gallop.

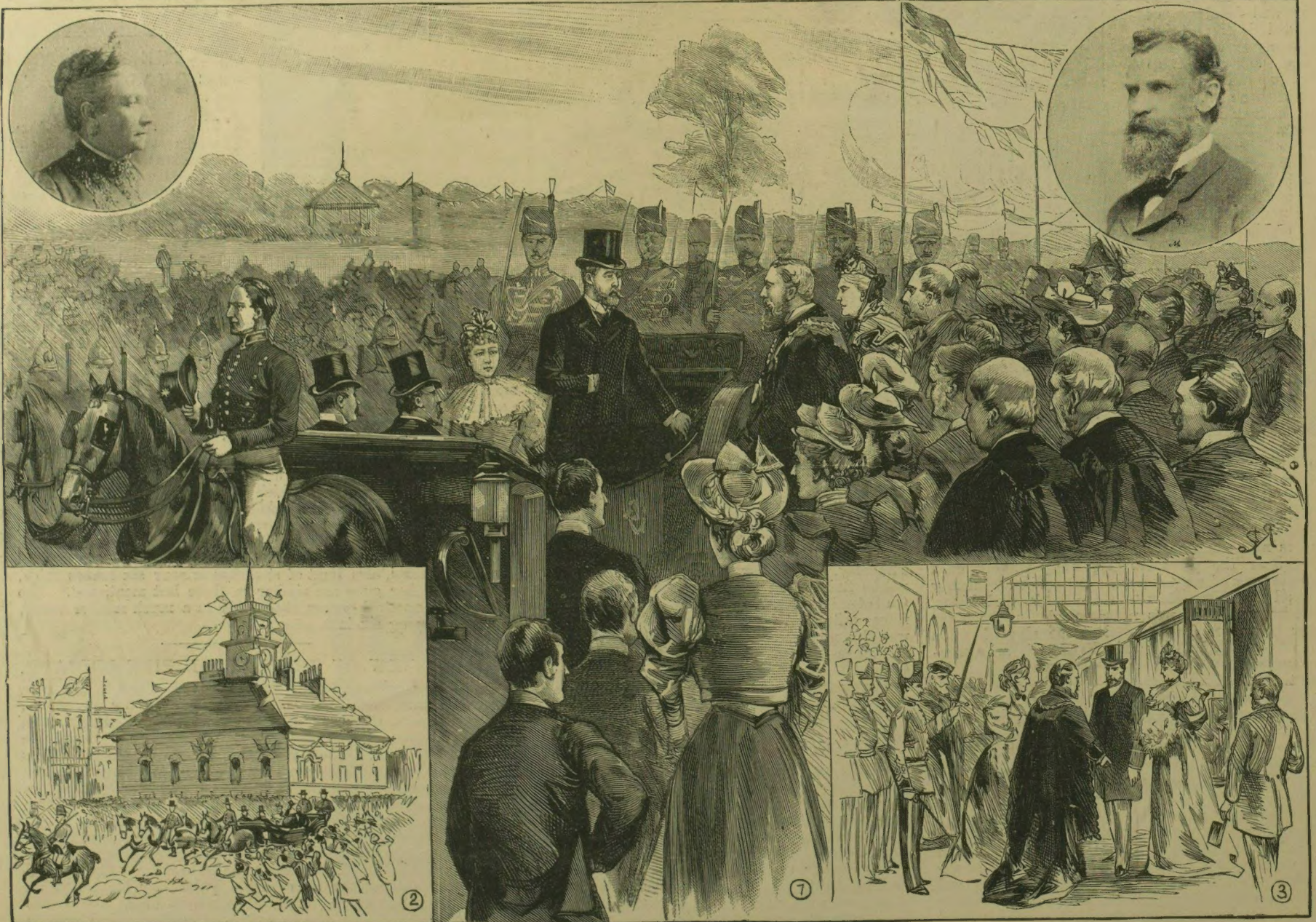


"UTOPIA (LIMITED)," THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

(SEE PAGE 490.)

Mrs. ROPNER, MAYORESS OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

MAJOR ROPNER, MAYOR OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

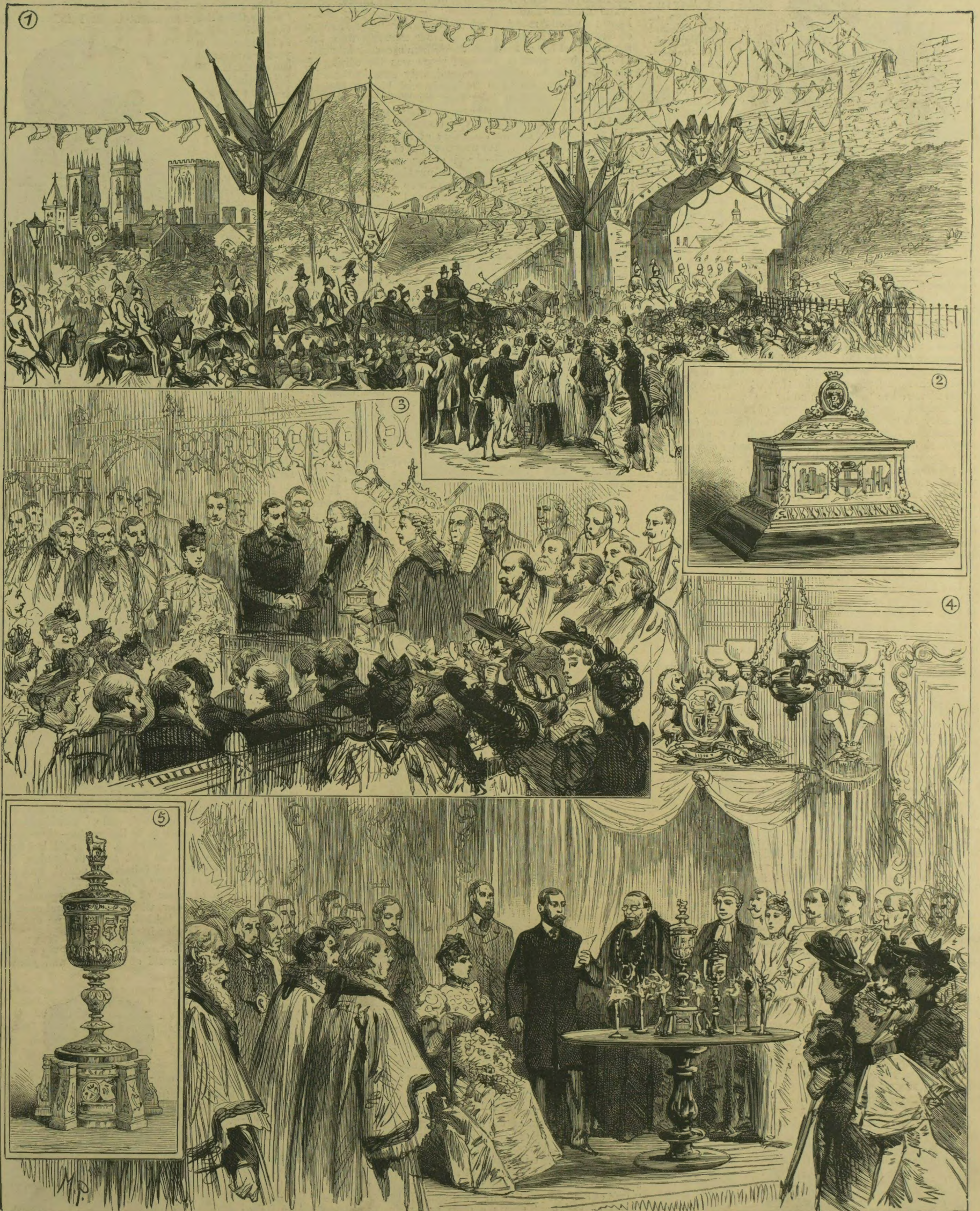


1. The Duke declaring the Ropner Park open.

2. Procession passing the Townhall.

3. Departure from Stockton-on-Tees.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



1. Entrance to York.

2. Casket containing the Freedom of the City.

3. "In accordance with ancient custom, I offer you the right hand of fellowship."

4. The Duke receiving the wedding gifts from York and Sheffield.

5. The York wedding gift.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown, whose death at the age of seventy-one is just announced, was born in France, and had a share of French feeling in his painting. He can scarcely be regarded as having been one of the original pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; though his mind rapidly drifted towards their methods and theories. In his earlier work, which was exhibited between 1845 and 1855, he showed a power of dramatic expression which seemed to promise a brilliant future; but the new school of painting affected him so as to chill his aspirations and to arrest his development. The passion which he threw into his "Romeo and Juliet," the religious feeling which marked his "Elijah and the Widow's Son," the pathos of his "Lear dividing his Kingdom," were unsurpassed by any contemporary works. To the same period belong several fine landscapes and brilliant portraits, as well as his Biblical designs and those for the windows of St. Oswald's Church, Durham, at present to be seen at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. The period of more imaginative work which followed was marked by several charming pictures, like that of "Haydée" and "The Farewell to England," and by the most tragic of all his conceptions, a "Pietà" in the style of Botticelli. Subsequently he spent his time in the production of cartoons representing the early history of Manchester, and in an apotheosis of the work by which Manchester obtained its eminence among the commercial cities of the world. Whether the preaching of Socialism or the spread of philosophic convictions should be the painter's task is a question which need not here be discussed. It was, perhaps, for these causes that Mr. Madox Brown missed his opportunity of rising to the first ranks of art. At the same time, few will deny that he was an artist of decided genius and of great power in the pursuit of an original but unattainable ideal.



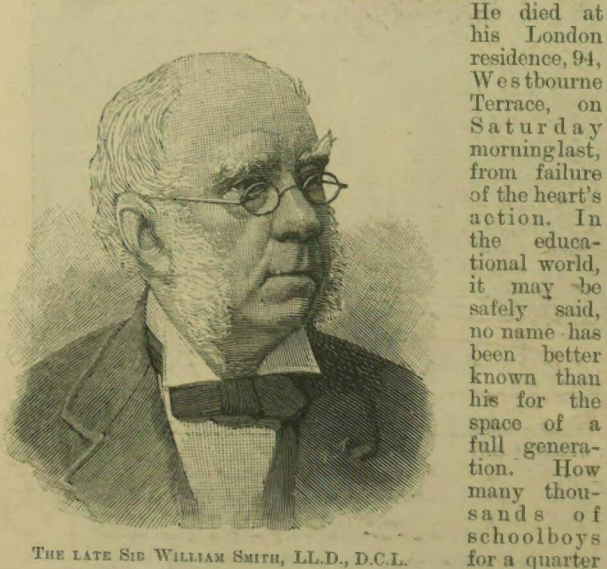
Photo by W. Pae, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE LATE MR. FORD MADOX BROWN.

It is said that Mr. Tennyson Patmore, F.R.C.S., has a book in hand on prison life. It should be a good one. Mr. Patmore is the Medical Officer of Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, and has had fifteen years' experience, there and elsewhere, of the convict world. He is a son of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and godson of the late Laureate. The etiquette of the service, rigid as it is, does not bar a jail surgeon from putting his impressions upon paper; and Mr. Patmore's book should be well worth reading. We have read almost enough about prison life from the point of the prisoner. Gossip says that penal servitude is rather worse for the officers than for the convicts. Mr. Patmore might enlighten us on this point.

One would like to hear what Dr. Lloyd Tuckey would say about the proposal to hypnotise De Jong. Dr. Tuckey is certainly our leading English authority on this subject. He was the first London physician of standing to touch hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, and his book "Psycho-Therapeutics" was perhaps the first English treatise dealing with hypnotism from a definitely scientific standpoint. Dr. Tuckey, following in the footsteps of the ablest French practitioners, has made many experiments in this delicate, though not too difficult art, and now employs hypnotism freely in cases of nervous disease. It required some courage to take the first step, but Dr. Tuckey's example has been followed of late by many English physicians who but a few years ago would have scouted the name of hypnotism; and the whole profession at this day is much more kindly inclined to the new treatment, in the light of the very favourable pronouncement upon it by that most cautious and conservative body, the British Medical Association.

Sir William Smith, LL.D., editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and author of the famous dictionaries, is dead.

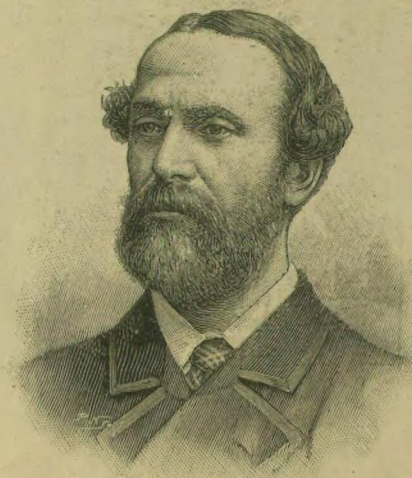


THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., D.C.L.

He died at his London residence, 94, Westbourne Terrace, on Saturday morning last, from failure of the heart's action. In the educational world, it may be safely said, no name has been better known than his for the space of a full generation. How many thousands of schoolboys for a quarter of a century past have received prizes, in classics, divinity, or literature, one or more of those celebrated dictionaries! More than half a century has elapsed since the first work known to have been produced by him was issued—

the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities." It was, we believe, in 1842. How many volumes on similar lines followed it! The list is certainly a long and a worthy one, for we have no such works of their kind in our language as "Smith's Dictionaries." Let us set down, without pretending to exhaust the list, "The Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology," the great "Dictionary of the Bible," "The Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," "The Dictionary of Christian Biography," "The Dictionary of English Literature," "The English-Latin Dictionary," and the many well-known students' manuals, which began with "The History of Greece." The dictionaries and the manuals were for the most part the outcome of Sir William's earlier labours. The principal work of his later years was the editing of the *Quarterly*, to which, extraordinarily conscientious in all that he put his hand to, he devoted himself enthusiastically. It was in 1870 that Sir William (who was born in London in May 1813) received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. Before this he had received the honorary degrees of LL.D. of Glasgow and of Ph.D. of Leipzig. He was member of the Senate of the University of London and senior registrar of the Royal Literary Fund. Sir William married in 1834 Mary, the daughter of the late Mr. James Crump, of Birmingham. His tastes were quiet and retiring, and in recent years almost his only relaxation was his daily visit to the Athenæum Club of an afternoon.

We published last week a brief sketch of the official career of Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B. He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on Oct. 9, in the presence of a great gathering of private friends and those who had known and admired him as a man. Sir Arthur was a distinguished figure in the religious world of his day. His views were strongly evangelistic, and we believe that almost up to the commencement of his last illness he was a regular teacher in the Sunday-school. At one time he was very fond of conducting a religious service in the open air, and his striking figure, winning manner, and natural gift of simple language never failed to attract and hold a sympathetic audience. He was a very good man, and his friends have cause to mourn him.



THE LATE SIR STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B.

Mention of the death of Lady Eastlake found place in our last issue. A curious episode of her literary career should not be forgotten: we refer to the bitter and powerful attack on "Jane Eyre" which appeared, anonymously of course, in the *Quarterly Review*, when Lady Eastlake was Miss Rigby. It was a very able, a very caustic, and a not too generous piece of work; it was widely talked of; and its authorship was for many years an unsolved puzzle. Almost every literary critic of standing bore the reproach of that article at one time or another; for the secret of the authorship was well preserved, and few even of the personal friends of Miss Rigby knew for certain that it had come from her pen.

A learned and versatile man is lost to Irish society by the death, this week, of the Rev. Robert Percival Graves, LL.D., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He wound up a notable career at Trinity College by carrying off the gold medal in classics, and in later years was a leading member of the Senate of that fine old college. The bent of Dr. Graves's mind was chiefly scientific, and his "Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, LL.D., Astronomer Royal of Ireland," shows a deep and wide knowledge, graced by an admirable literary style. More generally known, perhaps, is his volume of "Recollections of Wordsworth," which he afterwards delivered in the form of lectures in London and elsewhere. Dr. Graves was Curate-in-charge of Windermere from 1835 to 1853; and while in Ireland he served the office of chaplain to the Bishop of Limerick and to several Lords Lieutenant.

An American paper says vaguely that Mr. Julian Hawthorne is coming to London again on a "literary mission." It is years since he was here; twelve or fourteen at least. He had a cottage then in Bedford Park, and was lionised in town, as far as his complaisance went; but he had very little taste for society, and was more at his ease, and showed to kindlier advantage, over a midnight cigarette in very informal surroundings. He is a fine and imaginative talker, and much more humorous in anecdote than any chapter of any of his novels would permit one to suppose. At the age of four-and-twenty he was reckoned amongst the six handsomest men in America, and of so fine a physique that an American pugilist wanted to train him for the "Ring."

The newly-appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.M.G., is fifty-eight years of age, son of Mr. R. Biddulph, of Ledbury, sometime M.P. for Hereford. He served many years in the Royal Artillery, and held staff appointments in India and in China, and afterwards at headquarters; he was also private secretary to Mr. Cardwell at the War Office twenty years ago. In 1879 he was employed at Constantinople as Commissioner for arranging some financial matters of the Turkish Government after the war between Turkey and Russia. On the administration of Cyprus passing into the hands of the British Government, Sir Robert Biddulph was made High Commissioner in that island, which he ruled during seven years. After his return to England, he was Inspector-General of Recruiting, and in 1887, for a time, acting Quartermaster-General. He has since held the office of Director-General of Military Education.

Miss Annie F. Mutrie, who died at Brighton a few days ago, enjoyed a high and deserved reputation as a painter of flower and fruit pieces. It is nearly forty years since Mr. Ruskin in his "Notes on Some of the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy, 1855," singled out certain works for special commendation; and from that date until some ten years ago Miss Mutrie was a constant exhibitor at Burlington House.

Sir William Dalby, who makes an interesting beginning as an essayist in the current number of *Longman's*, is our best known specialist in aural surgery. He has another claim to distinction as the inventor of the most successful system for the oral (not aural) education of the deaf and dumb. He was knighted some years ago for general eminence in his profession. Sir William is a hard-worked man who makes nothing of his work. His diet is almost that of a hermit; he drinks little wine, and eats less meat; and this notwithstanding that he is much in request at West-End dinner parties. He rides in the Row before eight o'clock every morning, and prefers to spend his holidays on the moors. He was one of the last men to be cartooned by Carlo Pellegrini ("Ape") in *Vanity Fair*.

By the way, it is odd that we have no monograph, no memorial sketch of "Ape." He was one of the most noteworthy personalities of his day: his humours, his anecdotes, his reminiscences, his singular facility in the style of caricature which he invented, and of which till the day of his death he continued to be the master—there should be matter in this worth recording. It is all but forgotten in what circumstances he first came to London, how he pushed his way with that inimitable pencil, and how he made the fortune of *Vanity Fair*. His biography would be a gathering up of some of the raciest episodes of the Bohemian life of his day, with a vigorous and most unconventional personality behind. Is there no one able to outline for us the London life of "Ape"?

The death of Mr. H. Savile-Clarke removes an interesting figure from the world of literature and journalism. Mr. Clarke was for many years the editor of the *Court Journal*, and, in addition, every conceivable kind of bright paragraph has come from his pen. Perhaps his most memorable literary effort was his adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." This play, which was the delight of a season, brought him into pleasant contact with that eccentric genius, Mr. Lutwidge Dodgson. Mr. Savile-Clarke leaves three daughters, two of whom have made some reputation as society dancers, and the third has given very considerable promise as a writer of short stories, one volume from her pen being announced among the Christmas books.

Photo by C. E. Fry and Co.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT BIDDULPH, C.B., G.C.M.G., The New Governor of Gibraltar.

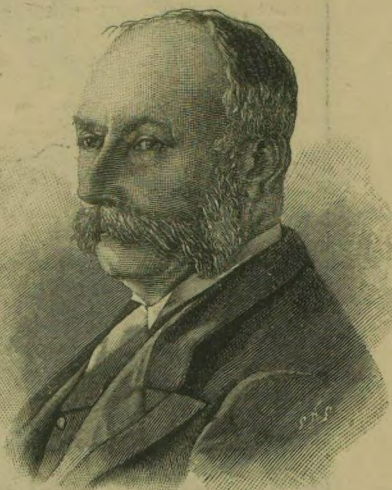


Photo by F. Vianelli, Venice.

THE LATE LADY EASTLAKE.

Photo by F. Vianelli, Venice.

Photo by F. Vianelli, Venice.

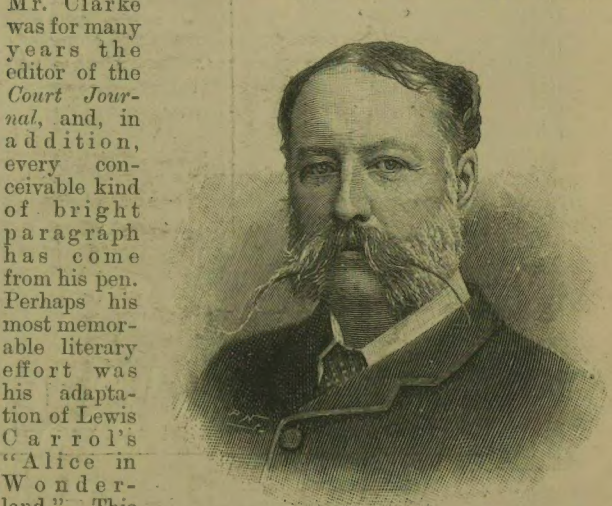


Photo by Diederich and Co.

THE LATE MR. H. SAVILE-CLARKE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral Castle, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, has been entertaining the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorowna, wife of the Russian Grand Duke Sergius, who has, with his brother, the Grand Duke Paul, been staying at Abergeldie; Princess Aribert of Anhalt has also been staying with the Queen. Her Majesty has exchanged visits with the Ex-Empress Eugénie.

The Prince of Wales has returned to London; and on Monday, Oct. 9, his Royal Highness opened the South London Fine Art Gallery and Lecture Hall, in Peckham Road, Camberwell, erected at the cost of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards; also the Central Library and Public Garden, in the same neighbourhood, to which Mr. George Livesey and Mr. W. Minet have been large contributors, with the aid of the Library Commissioners and the vestry of Camberwell.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on the same day, visited East London, to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings in East India Dock Road, Poplar, for the Missions to Seamen. The cost of these buildings is defrayed by Lord Brassey. Their Royal Highnesses were met by the Lord Mayor of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir W. Willis, chairman of the Missions to Seamen.

At St. James's Palace, on Saturday, Oct. 7, the Duke and Duchess of York received the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with several Aldermen and other members of the City Corporation, who came to present the wedding gifts, a service of silver plate and a diamond necklace; there was also a deputation from the Mansion House Committee, who presented a gift of tapestry to adorn the dwelling of their Royal Highnesses, York House, St. James's.

The conference of representatives of the Coal-Owners' and Miners' Federations with the Mayors of Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Nottingham, Derby, and Barnsley, was held at Sheffield on Monday, Oct. 9. After two hours' discussion, the Mayors were invited to propose their suggestions, which were to the effect that the men be allowed to return to work, at the old rate of wages at once; that after six weeks they submit to a reduction of 10 out of the 40 per cent. increase granted since 1888; and that representatives of both parties meet at an early date to formulate a scheme for the establishment of a tribunal of conciliation with a view of dealing with the question of wages. There were some other minor suggestions dealing with points of detail. The representatives of both masters and men undertook to bring the proposals before their constituents as early as possible. At Manchester the opinion has been expressed that at length a practical basis for the settlement has been attained. But on Wednesday, Oct. 11, it seemed doubtful whether the contending parties would agree to the terms proposed by the six Mayors. A meeting of coal-owners, held at Derby on the Tuesday, agreed to lessen their immediate reduction of wages to 15 per cent., instead of 25 per cent., out of the 40 per cent. increase granted since 1888; and to confer with the coal-miners' representatives upon the establishment of a tribunal of conciliation. The executive of the Miners' Federation will submit the decision on the Sheffield proposals to a vote by ballot among the men. The coal-owners of Worcestershire and Warwickshire, and some in Lancashire, have resolved to open their pits again at the late rate of wages, subject to a reduction of 10 per cent. in December.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales assembled at the City Temple on Oct. 10. Mr. A. Spicer, M.P., the chairman, delivered an address entitled, "An outlook on Congregationalism from the standpoint of the layman." Papers were read and discussed.

The Incorporated Law Society held its annual provincial meeting on Oct. 10 at Manchester. The president was Mr. F. P. Morrell, of Oxford, and Mr. J. Hunter, of London, was vice-president. Land transfer and registration of titles to land, the law relating to parliamentary elections, and the legal responsibilities of company directors, were the chief subjects discussed.

In France the topic of chief interest is the arrival, on Friday, Oct. 13, of the Russian naval squadron, commanded by Admiral Avellan, at Toulon, with the extraordinary preparations made for its festive reception, and for the visit of the Russian naval officers to Paris.

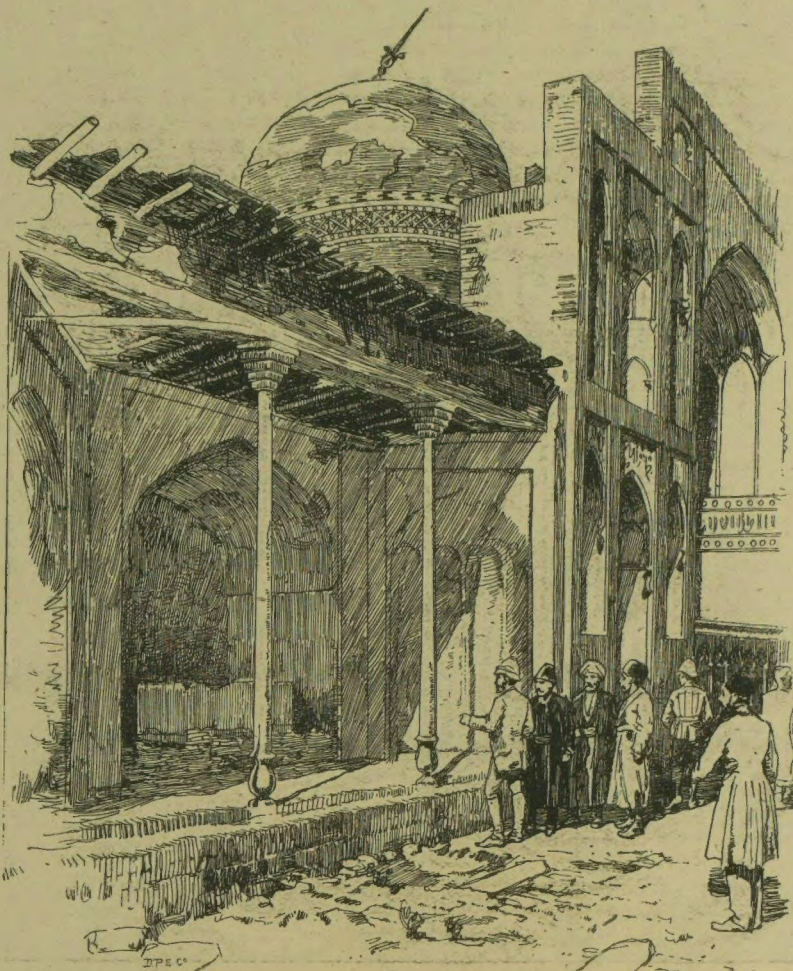
The British Mediterranean squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, is about to visit the Italian port of Taranto, and may further proceed to Naples, Spezia, and Genoa, it will be received with special honours by the Government of the Kingdom of Italy. There will be no festivities, as the fleet is in mourning for the loss of the Victoria.

Prince Bismarck's condition of health has been sufficiently improved to allow of his removal from Kissingen to his own home at Friedrichsruh. It is stated that he

has completed his autobiography and sold it to a German publisher.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has recently been in a state which caused expectation of his death, but the later reports are more favourable; his mental faculties are quite lost.

The Austrian Prime Minister, Count Taaffe, on Oct. 10, announced a Government Bill for electoral reform amounting practically to universal suffrage. This has nothing to



TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYĀM, THE PERSIAN POET, AT NAISHAPUR.

Sketched by William Simpson, Oct. 5, 1885.

do with Hungary, but includes Bohemia; it has greatly astonished many politicians.

The Belgian collieries' strike has come to an end; certain wages concessions were granted by the coal-masters.

The outbreak of war in Mashonaland, to resist the hostile inroads of the Matabele on the territory of the British South Africa Company, is now a certainty. The Company's troops at Fort Charter and Fort Victoria will be assisted by the Bechuanaland Mounted Police, and by the loyal chief Khama's tribe, marching to Buluwayo to attack Lobengula's kraal. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is at Fort Salisbury.

The Brighton Railway Company have arranged to continue the daily double service between London and Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, the whole year round, instead of discontinuing for the winter months as heretofore. The trains leave Victoria 9 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9 a.m. and 9 p.m., and from Paris for London at 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. The route from Dieppe is through the charming scenery of Normandy to

AT THE TOMB OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

It is the country of George Crabbe, as much the country associated with Crabbe as Westmoreland is with Wordsworth, or "Wessex" with Thomas Hardy. It is a country of level fields and trim hedgerows, yet picturesque withal, dotted with tiny cottages and commodious farmsteads. At Woodbridge, where we alight from the train, we find more than one association with the man at whose tomb we have come to pay homage. The local bookseller was a frequent visitor at the Little Grange, and here is the modest cottage of Mrs. Howe, FitzGerald's old housekeeper. Even the very postman will tell you—with embellishments—the romantic story of FitzGerald's marriage to the daughter of Bernard Barton, and their speedy separation. But all agree that "Fitz" was constantly engaged in acts of kindness and generosity which have left his name fragrant throughout the whole district, and satisfy one that here was a man not unworthy of the great friendships of his life—the friendship of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Thackeray.

As we drive through the smiling Suffolk lanes we pause for a moment to see Bredfield House, where FitzGerald was born, and both the Little Grange and Boulge Cottage, where he spent so many years of his life, then on to Boulge, and into the little churchyard, where the grave of the poet—a long narrow slab of polished granite—is easily discernible. But perhaps I am somewhat tardy in coming to the real meaning of this pilgrimage, and yet no better explanation could be made than that which was given at the grave itself. Here are some eight or ten visitors from London—not particularly well-known men: two are lawyers, two are journalists, and the others are more or less associated with literature, in a dilettante way. In the background one observes a very considerable number of the country folk of the district, who have left their work in the fields in the desire to discover what this strange ceremony may mean; and from the window of the adjoining church the wife and daughter of the neighbouring squire look down. Lastly, and not least important, here are the executors of FitzGerald, the Rev. Mr. Doughty and Colonel Kerrich, who give to the scene, whatever it may mean, a certain legal and moral sanction. From a small box which one discovers in the hands of one of the party, two small rose-bushes are taken, and handed to the Hall gardener, who is ready, shovel in hand, to receive them, and speedily plants them at the foot of the grave.

Then we begin to understand. Mr. William Simpson, a war-artist whose services to this Journal it would be impossible adequately to estimate, steps forward, and relates in a clear voice the chain of causes which has led to the planting of these rose-bushes. It would seem that Mr. Simpson, in common with Mr. Swinburne, Rossetti, and Theodore Watts, was one of the first admirers of the poem by FitzGerald, of which the story has often been told. He was one of those who, when Mr. Quaritch published that most unsaleable book, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyām, done into English verse by Edward FitzGerald," purchased it from the "fourpenny box," and became an enthusiastic admirer. No wonder, therefore, that when Mr. Simpson found himself within a hundred miles of the tomb of the original Omar, at Naishapur, he thought it worth while to mount his horse and make a pilgrimage to that interesting shrine. Omar, it may be said, had expressed a wish that his tomb should be "in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." Curiously enough, Mr. Simpson found that there were actually rose-bushes twining at the base of the tomb, of which his sketch is here reproduced. The roses were not in flower, but he carried away with him some seed, which, being sent to England, was cultivated by Mr. Thistleton Dyer, at Kew Gardens, with the express object of ultimately planting it upon the grave of the English paraphrast of Omar. The rose-bushes, however, did not flourish sufficiently to make it at all certain that they would grow in the clayey soil of Boulge, and Mr. Dyer therefore grafted the Persian rose upon an English stem, and in this also some of the admirers of Omar and FitzGerald have discovered a poetic significance. Having briefly told the story of his relations with these rose-bushes, Mr. Simpson concluded by quoting a short poem which Mr. Grant Allen had sent to him, with an expression of regret at his inability to be present—

Here, on FitzGerald's grave
from Omar's tomb,
To lay fit tribute, pilgrim
singers flock;
Long with a double fragrance
let it bloom,
This rose of Iran on an
English stock.

Mr. Moncreu Conway, an American author, responded on behalf of his own country; and Mr. Edward Clodd, the distinguished folklorist, read a short poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Colonel Kerrich, as one of the executors and as a nephew of the deceased poet, briefly replied, expressing his immense gratification at the whole ceremony, and the proceedings terminated.

C. K. S.

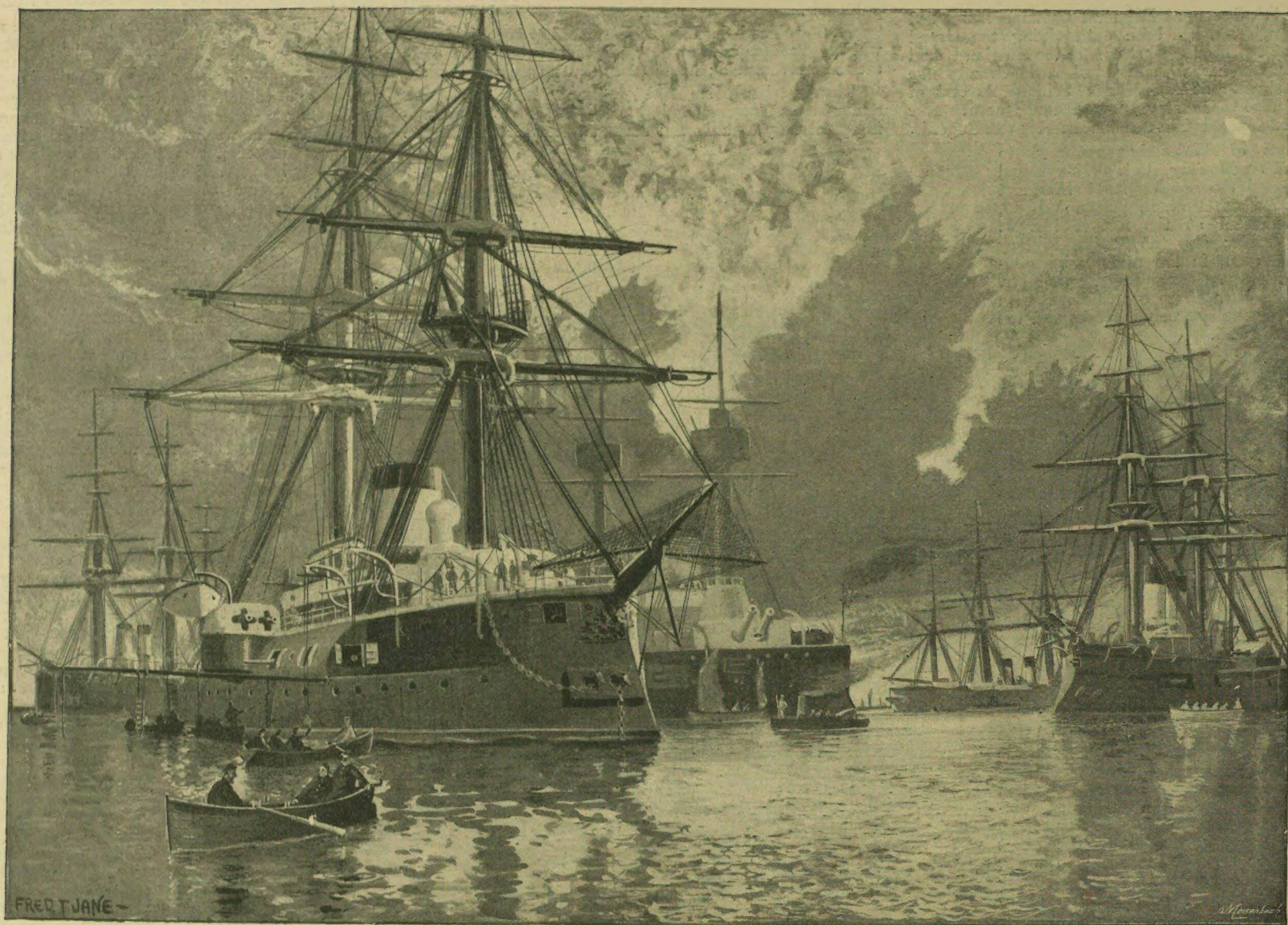


PLANTING ROSE-TREES FROM OMAR KHAYYĀM'S TOMB ON EDWARD FITZGERALD'S GRAVE, AT BOULGE, NEAR WOODBRIDGE.

Sketched by William Simpson, Oct. 7, 1893.

the Paris terminus near the Madeleine. Single tickets, available for seven days, 34s. 7d.; 25s. 7d., and 18s. 7d., and return tickets, available for one month, 58s. 3d., 42s. 3d., and 33s. 3d.; the first and second class being available by either day or night service, but the third class are available by the night service only.

on behalf of his own country; and Mr. Edward Clodd, the distinguished folklorist, read a short poem by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Colonel Kerrich, as one of the executors and as a nephew of the deceased poet, briefly replied, expressing his immense gratification at the whole ceremony, and the proceedings terminated.



ADMIRAL NACHIMOFF. NICHOLAI I. PAMIAT AZOVA.
THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON AT ANCHOR AT TOULON.



REVIEW OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE IN HYDE PARK.



PART I.

ALTHOUGH we had been one man short all day, and there was a plain threat of rain in the hot air, everybody left the hay field long before sun-down. It was too much to ask of human nature to

stay off up in the remote meadows, when such remarkable things were happening down around the house.

Marcellus Jones and I were in the pasture, watching the dog get the cows together for the homeward march. He did it so well and, withal, so willingly, that there was no call for us to trouble ourselves in keeping up with him. We waited instead at the open bars until the hay-wagon had passed through, rocking so heavily in the ancient pitch-hole as it did so that the driver was nearly thrown off his perch on top of the high load. Then we put up the bars, and fell in close behind the haymakers. A rich cloud of dust far ahead on the road suggested that the dog was doing his work even too willingly, but for the once we feared no rebuke. Almost anything might be condoned that day.

Five grown-up men walked abreast down the highway, in the shadow of the towering wagon mow, clad much alike in battered straw hats, grey woollen shirts open at the neck, and rough old trousers bulging over the swollen, creased ankles of thick boots. One had a scythe on his arm; two others bore forks over their shoulders. By request, Hi Tuckerman allowed me to carry his sickle.

Although my present visit to the farm had been of only a few days' duration—and those days of strenuous activity darkened by a terrible grief—I had come to be very friendly with Mr. Tuckerman. He took a good deal more notice of me than the others did; and, when chance and leisure afforded, addressed the bulk of his remarks to me. This favouritism, though it fascinated me, was not without its embarrassing side. Hi Tuckerman had taken part in the battle of Gaines' Mill two years before, and had been shot straight through the tongue. One could still see the deep scar on each of his cheeks; a sunken and hairless pit in among his sandy beard. His heroism in the war, and his good qualities as a citizen, had earned for him the esteem of his neighbours, and they saw to it that he never wanted for work. But their present respect for him stopped short of the pretence that they enjoyed hearing him talk. Whenever he attempted conversation, people moved away, or began boisterous dialogues with one another to drown him out. Being a sensitive man, he had come to prefer silence to these rebuffs among those he knew. But he still had a try at the occasional polite stranger—and I suppose it was in this capacity that I won his heart. Though I never of my own initiative understood a word he said, Marcellus sometimes interpreted a sentence or so for me, and I listened to all the rest with a fraudulently wise face. To give only a solitary illustration of the tax thus levied on our friendship, I may mention that when Hi Tuckerman said "Ah!—ah-aah!—uh," he meant "Rappahannock," and he did this rather better than a good many other words.

"Rappahannock," alas! was a word we heard often enough in those days, along with Chickahominy and Rapidan, and that odd Chattahoochee, the sound of which raised always in my boyish mind the notion that the geography-makers must have achieved it in their baby-talk period. These strange Southern river names, and many others, were as familiar to the ears of these four other untravelled Dearborn County farmers as the noise of their own shallow Nelahma rattling over its pebbles in the valley yonder. Only when their slow fancy fitted substance to these names they saw in mind's eye dark, sinister, swampy currents, deep and silent and discoloured with human blood.

Two of these men who strode along behind the wagon were young half-uncles of mine, Myron and Warren Turnbull, stout, thick-shouldered, honest fellows not much out of their teens, who worked hard, said little, and were always lumped together in speech by their family, the hired help, and the neighbours as "the boys." They asserted themselves so rarely, and took everything as it came with such docility, that I myself, being in my eleventh year, thought of them as very young indeed. Next them walked a man, hired just for the haying, named Philleo, and then, scuffling along over the uneven humps and hollows on the outer edge of the road, came Si Hummaston, with the empty ginger-beer pail knocking against his knees.

As Tuckerman's "Hi" stood for Hiram, so I assume the other's "Si" meant Silas, or possibly Cyrus. I daresay no one, not even his mother, had ever called him by his full name. I know that my companion, Marcellus Jones, who wouldn't be thirteen until after Thanksgiving, habitually addressed him as Si, and almost daily I resolved that I would do so myself. He was a man of more than fifty, I should think, tall, lean, and what Marcellus called "bible-backed." He had a short iron-grey beard and long hair. Whenever there was any very hard or steady work going, he generally gave out and went to sit in the shade, holding a hand flat over his heart, and shaking his head dolefully. This kept a good many people from hiring him, and even in haying-time, when everybody on two legs is of some use, I fancy he would often have been left out if it hadn't been for my grandparents. They respected him on account of his piety and his moral character, and always had him down when extra work began. He was said to be the only hired man in the township who could not be goaded in some way into swearing. He looked at one slowly, with the mild expression of a heifer calf.

We had come to the crown of the hill, and the wagon started down the steeper incline, with a great groaning of the brake. The men, by some tacit understanding, halted, and overlooked the scene.

The big old stone farmhouse—part of which is said to date almost to Revolutionary times—was just below us, so near, indeed, that Marcellus said he had once skipped a scaling-stone from where we stood to its roof. The dense, big-leaved foliage of a sap-bush, sheltered in the basin which dipped from our feet, pretty well hid this roof now from view. Further on, heavy patches of a paler, brighter green marked the orchard, and framed one side of a cluster of barns and stables, at the end of which three or four belated cows were loitering by the trough. It was so still that we could hear the clatter of the stanchions as the rest of the herd sought their places inside the milking-barn.

The men, though, had no eyes for all this, but bent their gaze fixedly on the road down at the bottom. For a way this thoroughfare was bordered by a row of tall poplars, which, as we were placed, receded from the vision in so straight a line that they seemed one high, fat tree. Beyond these one saw only a line of richer green, where the vine-wrapped rail-fences cleft their way between the ripening fields.

"I'd a' took my oath it was them," said Philleo. "I can spot them greys as fur's I can see 'em. They turned by the school-house, there, or I'll eat it, school-ma'am 'n' all. An' the buggy was follerin' 'em too."

"Yes, I thought it was them," said Myron, shading his eyes with his brown hand.

"But they ought to got past the poplars by this time, then," remarked Warren.

"Why, they'll be drivin' as slow as molasses in January," put in Si Hummaston. "When you come to think of it, it is pretty nigh the same as a regular funeral. You mark my words, your father'll have walked them greys every step o' the road. I s'pose he'll drive himself—he wouldn't trust bringin' Alvy home to nobody else, would he? I know I wouldn't; if the Lord had given me such a son; but then He didn't!"

"No, He didn't!" commented the first speaker, in an unnaturally loud tone of voice, to break in upon the chance that Hi Tuckerman was going to try to talk. But Hi only stretched out his arm, pointing the forefinger toward the poplars.

Sure enough, something was in motion down at the base of the shadows on the road. Then it crept forward, out in the sunlight, and separated itself into two vehicles. A farm wagon came first, drawn by a team of grey horses. Close after it followed a buggy, with its black top raised. Both advanced so slowly that they seemed scarcely to be moving at all.

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed Si Hummaston, after a minute—"it's Dana Pillsbury drivin' the wagon after all! Well—I dunno—yes, I guess that's prob'ly what I'd a done too; if I'd be'n your father. Yes, it does look more correct, his follerin' on behind, like that. I s'pose that's Alvy's widder, in the buggy there with him."

"Yes, that's Serena—it looks like her little girl with her," said Myron, gravely.

"I s'pose we might's well be movin' along down," observed his brother, and at that we all started.

We walked more slowly now, matching our gait to the snail-like progress of those coming toward us. As we drew near to the gate, the three hired men instinctively fell behind the brothers, and in that position the group halted on the grass, facing our drive-way where it left the main road. Not a word was uttered by anyone. When at last the wagon came up, Myron and Warren took off their hats, and the others followed suit, all holding them poised at the level of their shoulders.

Dana Pillsbury, carrying himself rigidly upright on the box-seat, drove past us with eyes fixed straight ahead, and a face as coldly expressionless as that of a wooden Indian. The wagon was covered all over with rubber blankets, so that whatever it bore was hidden. Only a few paces behind came the buggy, and my grandfather, old Arphaxed Turnbull, went by in his turn with the same averted, far-away gaze, and the same resolutely stolid countenance. He held the restive young carriage horse down to a decorous walk, a single firm hand on the tight reins, without so much as looking at it. The strong yellow light of the declining sun poured full upon his long grey beard, his shaven upper lip, his dark-skinned, lean, domineering face—and made me think of some hard and gloomy old Prophet seeing a vision in the back

part of the Old Testament. If that woman beside him, swathed in heavy black raiment, and holding a child up against her arm, was my Aunt Serena, I should never have guessed it.

We put on our hats again, and walked up the drive-way with measured step behind the carriage, till it stopped at the side-piazza stoop. The wagon had passed on towards the big new red barn—and crossing its course I saw my Aunt Em, bareheaded and with her sleeves rolled up, going to the cow-barn with a milking-pail in her hand. She was walking quickly, as if in a great hurry.

"There's your Ma," I whispered to Marcellus, assuming that he would share my surprise at her rushing off like this, instead of waiting to say "How-d'-do" to Serena. He only nodded knowingly, and said nothing.

No one else said much of anything. Myron and Warren shook hands in stiff solemnity with the veiled and craped sister-in-law, when their father had helped her and her daughter from the buggy, and one of them remarked in a constrained way that the hot spell seemed to keep up right along. The newcomers ascended the steps to the open door, and the woman and child went inside. Old Arphaxed turned on the threshold, and seemed to behold us for the first time.

"After you've put out the horse," he said, "I want the

where I was still treated well and enjoyed myself. This year it was understood that my mother was coming out to bring me home later on.

The other child of that first marriage was a girl, who was spoken of in youth as Emmeline, but whom I knew now as Aunt Em. She was a silent, tough-fibred, hard-working creature, not at all good-looking, but relentlessly neat, and the best cook I ever knew. Even when the house was filled with extra hired men, no one ever thought of getting in any female help, so tireless and so resourceful was Em. She did all the housework there was to do, from cellar to garret, was continually lending a hand in the men's chores, made more butter than the household could eat up, managed a large kitchen-garden, and still had a good deal of spare time, which she spent in sitting out on the piazza in a starched pink calico gown, knitting the while she watched who went up and down the road. When you knew her, you understood how it was that the original Turnbells had come into that part of the country just after the Revolution, and in a few years chopped down all the forests, dug up all the stumps, drained the swail-lands, and turned the entire place from a wilderness into a flourishing and fertile home for civilised people. I used to feel, when I looked at her, that she would have been quite equal to doing the whole thing herself.

sullenly conceded, it turned out that Jones was a widower, and had a boy nine or ten years old, named Marcellus, who was in a sort of orphan asylum in Vermont. There were more angry scenes between father and daughter, and a good deal more bad blood, before it was finally agreed that the boy also should come to live on the farm.

All this had happened in 1860 or 1861. Jones had somewhat improved on acquaintance. He knew about lightning rods, and had been able to fit out all the farm buildings with them at cost price. He had turned a little money now and again in trades with hop-poles, butter-firkins, shingles, and the like, and he was very ingenious in mending and fixing up odds and ends. He made shelves, and painted the woodwork, and put a tar roof on the summer kitchen. Even Martha, the second Mrs. Turnbull, came finally to admit that he was handy about a house.

This Martha became the head of the household while Em was still a little girl. She was a heavy woman, mentally as well as bodily, rather prone to a peevish view of things, and greatly given to pride in herself and her position, but honest, charitable in her way, and not unkindly at heart. On the whole, she was a good stepmother, and Em probably got on quite as well with her as she would have done with her own mother—even in the matter of the mowing-machine agent.



When at last the wagon came up, Myron and Warren took off their hats.

most of yeh to come up to the new barn. Hummaston and Marcellus can do the milkin'."

"I kind o' rinched my wrist this forenoon," put in Si, with a note of entreaty in his voice. He wanted sorely to be one of the party at the red barn.

"Mebbe milkin' 'll be good for it," said Arphaxed, curtly. "You and Marcellus do what I say, and keep Sidney with you." With this he, too, went into the house.

II.

It wasn't an easy matter for even a member of the family like myself to keep clearly and untangled in his head all the relationships which existed under this patriarchal Turnbull roof.

Old Arphaxed had been married twice. His first wife was the mother of two children, who grew up, and the older of these was my father, Wilbur Turnbull. He never liked farm-life, and left home early, not without some hard feeling, which neither father nor son ever quite forgot. My father made a certain success of it as a business man in Albany until, in the thirties, his health broke down. He died when I was seven, and, although he left some property, my mother was forced to supplement this help by herself going to work as forewoman in a large store. She was too busy to have much time for visiting, and I don't think there was any great love lost between her and the people on the farm; but it was a good healthy place for me to be sent to when the summer vacation came, and withal inexpensive, and so the first of July each year generally found me out at the homestead, where, indeed, nobody pretended to be heatedly fond of me, but

All at once, when she was something over thirty, Em had up and married a mowing-machine agent named Abel Jones, whom no one knew anything about, and who, indeed, had only been in the neighbourhood for a week or so. The family was struck dumb with amazement. The idea of Em's dallying with the notion of matrimony had never crossed anybody's mind. As a girl she had never had any patience with husking-bees or dances or sleigh-ride parties. No young man had ever seen her home from anywhere, or had had the remotest encouragement to hang around the house. She had never been pretty—so my mother told me—and as she got along in years grew dumpy and thick in figure, with a plain, fat face, a rather scowling brow, and an abrupt, ungracious manner. She had no conversational gifts whatever, and through years of increasing taciturnity and confirmed unsociability, built up in everybody's mind the conviction that, if there could be a man so wild and unsettled in intellect as to suggest a tender thought to Em, he would get his ears cuffed off his head for his pains.

Judge, then, how like a thunderbolt the episode of the mowing-machine agent fell upon the family. To bewildered astonishment there soon enough succeeded rage. This Jones was a curly-headed man, with a crinkly black beard like those of Joseph's brethren in the Bible picture. He had no home and no property, and didn't seem to amount to much even as a salesman of other people's goods. His machine was quite the worst then in the market, and it could not be learned that he had sold a single one in the county. But he had married Em, and it was calmly proposed that he should henceforth regard the farm as his home. After this point had been

To Martha three sons were born. The two younger ones, Myron and Warren, have already been seen. The eldest boy, Alva, was the pride of the family, and for that matter, of the whole section.

Alva was the first Turnbull to go to college. From his smallest boyhood it had been manifest that he had great things before him, so handsome and clever and winning a lad was he. Through each of his schooling years he was the honour man of his class, and he finished in a blaze of glory by taking the Clark Prize, and practically everything else within reach in the way of academic distinctions. He studied law at Octavius, in the office of Judge Schermerhorn, and in a little time was not only that distinguished man's partner, but distinctly the more important figure in the firm. At the age of twenty-five he was sent to the Assembly. The next year they made him District Attorney, and it was quite understood that it rested with him whether he should be sent to Congress later on, or be presented by the Dearborn County bar for the next vacancy on the Supreme Court bench.

At this point in his brilliant career he married Miss Serena Wadsworth, of Wadsworth's Falls. The wedding was one of the most imposing social events the county had known, so it was said, since the visit of Lafayette. The Wadsworths were an older family, even, than the Fairchilds, and infinitely more influential and refined. The daughters of the household, indeed, carried their refinement to such a pitch that they lived an almost solitary life, and grew to the parlous verge of old-maidhood, simply because there was nobody good enough to marry them. Alva Turnbull was, however, up to the standard. It could not be said, of course, that his home surrounding

quite matched those of his bride; but, on the other hand, she was nearly two years his senior, and this was held to make matters about even.

In a year or so came the War, and nowhere in the North did patriotic excitement run higher than in this old Abolition stronghold of upper Dearborn. Public meetings were held, and nearly a whole regiment was raised in Octavius and the surrounding towns alone. Alva Turnbull made the most stirring and important speech at the first big gathering, and sent a thrill through the whole countryside by claiming the privilege of heading the list of volunteers. He was made a Captain by general acclaim, and went off with his company in time to get chased from the field of Bull Run. When he came home on a furlough in 1863 he was a Major, and later on he rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel. We understand vaguely that he might have climbed vastly higher in promotion but for the fact that he was too moral and conscientious to get on very well with his immediate superior, General Boyce, of Thessaly, who was notoriously a drinking man.

It was glory enough to have him at the farm, on that visit of his, even as a Major. His old parents literally abased themselves at his feet, quite tremulous in their awed pride at his greatness. It made it almost too much to have Serena there also, this fair, thin-faced, prim-spoken daughter of the Wadsworths, and actually to call her by her first name. It was haying time, I remember, but the hired men that year did not eat their meals with the family, and there was even a question whether Marcellus and I were socially advanced enough to come to the table where Serena and her husband were feeding themselves in state with a novel kind of silver implement called a four-tined fork. If Em hadn't put her foot down, out to the kitchen we should both have gone, I fancy. As it was, we sat decorously at the far end of the table, and asked with great politeness to have things passed to us which by standing up we could have reached as well as not. It was slow, but it made us feel immensely respectable, almost as if we had been born Wadsworths ourselves.

We agreed that Serena was "stuck-up," and Marcellus reported Aunt Em as feeling that her bringing along with her a nursemaid to be waited on hand and foot, just to take care of a baby, was an imposition bordering upon the intolerable. He said that that was the sort of thing the English did until George Washington rose and drove them out. But we both felt that Alva was splendid.

He was a fine creature physically—taller even than old

Thus matters stood when Spring began to play at being Summer in the year of '64. The birds came and the trees burst forth into green, the sun grew hotter and the days longer, the strawberries hidden under the big leaves in our yard started into shape where the blossoms had been, quite in the ordinary, annual way, with us up North. But down where that dread thing they called "The War" was going on, this coming of warm weather meant more awful massacre, more tortured hearts and desolated homes than ever before. I can't be at all sure how much later reading and associations have helped out and patched up what seem to be my boyish recollections of this period; but it is, at all events, much clearer in my mind than are the occurrences of the week before last.

We heard a good deal about how deep the mud was in Virginia that Spring. All the photographs and tin-types of officers which found their way to relatives at home now, showed

silently through the meal, afterwards, but she went upstairs to her room before family prayers. The next day she was about as usual, doing the work and saying nothing. Marcellus told me that to the best of his belief no one had said anything to her on the subject. The old people were a shade more ceremonious in their manner towards her, and "the boys" and the hired men were on the look-out to bring in water for her from the well, and to spare her as much as possible in the routine of chores, but no one talked about Jones. Aunt Em did not put on mourning. She made a black necktie for Marcellus to wear to church, but stayed away from meeting herself.

A little more than a fortnight afterwards, Myron was walking down the road from the meadows one afternoon, when he saw a man on horseback coming up from the poplars, galloping like mad in a cloud of dust. The two met at the gate. The man was one of the hired helps of the Wadsworths, and he had ridden as hard as he could pelt from the Falls, fifteen miles away, with a message, which now he gave Myron to read. Both man and beast dripped sweat, and trembled with fatigued excitement. The youngster eyed them, and then gazed meditatively at the sealed envelope in his hand.

"I s'pose you know what's inside?" he asked, looking up at last.

The man in the saddle nodded, with a tell-tale look on his face, and breathing heavily.

Myron handed the letter back, and pushed the gate open. "You'd better go up and give it to father yourself," he said. "I ain't got the heart to face him—jest now, at any rate."

Marcellus was fishing that afternoon, over in the creek which ran through the woods. Just as at last he was making up his mind that it must be about time to go after the cows, he saw Myron sitting on a log beside the forest path, whistling mechanically, and staring at the foliage before him, in an obvious brown study. Marcellus went up to him, and had to speak twice before Myron turned his head and looked up.

"Oh! it's you, eh, 'Bubb'?" he remarked dreamily, and began gazing once more into the thicket.

"What's the matter?" asked the puzzled boy.

"I guess Alvy's dead," replied Myron. To the lad's comments and questions he made small answer. "No," he said at last, "I don't feel much like goin' home jest now. Lea' me alone here, I'll prob'ly turn up later on." And Marcellus went alone to the pasture, and thence, at the tail of his bovine procession, home.

When he arrived he regretted not having remained with Myron in the woods. It was like coming into something which was prison, hospital, and tomb in one. The household was paralysed with horror and fright. Martha had gone to bed, or rather had been put there by Em, and all through the night, when he woke up, he heard her broken and hysterical voice in moans and screams. The men had hitched up the greys, and Arphaxed Turnbull was getting into the buggy to drive to Octavius for news when the boy came up. He looked twenty years older than he had at noon—all at once turned into a chalk-faced, trembling, infirm old man—and could hardly see to put his foot on the carriage-step. His son Warren had offered to go with him, and had been rebuffed almost with fierceness. Warren and the others silently bowed their heads before this mood; instinct told them that nothing but Arphaxed's show of temper held him from collapse—from falling at their feet and grovelling on the grass with cries and sobs of anguish, perhaps even dying in a fit. After he had driven off they forebore to talk to one another, but went about noiselessly with drooping chins and knotted brows.

"It jest took the tuck out of everything," said Marcellus, relating these tragic events to me. There was not much else to tell. Martha had had what they call brain-fever, and had emerged from this some weeks afterward a pallid and dim-eyed ghost of her former self, sitting for hours together in her rocking chair

in the unused parlour, her hands idly in her lap, her poor thoughts glued ceaselessly to that vague far-off Virginia which folks told about as hot and sunny, but which her mind's eye saw under the gloom of an endless and dreadful night. Arphaxed had gone South, still defiantly alone, to bring back the body of his boy. An acquaintance wrote to them of his being down sick in Washington, prostrated by the heat and strange water; but even from his sick bed he had sent on orders to an undertaking firm out at the front, along with a hundred dollars, their price in advance for embalming. Then, recovering, he had himself pushed down to headquarters, or as near them as civilians might approach, only to learn that he had passed the precious freight on the way. He posted back again, besieging the railroad officials at every point with inquiries, scolding, arguing, beseeching in turn, until at last he overtook his quest at Dearborn Junction, only a score of miles from home.

Then only he wrote, telling people his plans. He came first to Octavius, where a funeral service was held in the forenoon, with military honours, the Wadsworths as the principal mourners, and a memorable turn-out of distinguished citizens. The town-hall was draped with mourning, and so was Alva's pew in the Episcopal Church, which he had deserted his ancestral Methodism to join after his marriage. Old Arphaxed listened to the novel burial service of his son's communion, and watched the clergyman in his curious white and black vestments, with sombre pride. He himself needed and deserved only a plain and homely religion, but it was fitting that his boy should have organ music and flowers, and a ritual.

Dana Pillsbury had arrived in town early in the morning with the greys, and a neighbour's boy had brought in the buggy. Immediately after dinner Arphaxed had gathered up Alva's widow and little daughter, and started the funeral cortege upon its final homeward stage.

And so I saw them arrive on that July afternoon.

(To be concluded in our next.)



"You'd better go up and give it to father yourself."

Arphaxed, with huge square shoulders and a mighty frame. I could recall him as without whiskers, but now he had a waving, lustrous brown beard, the longest and biggest I ever saw. He didn't pay much attention to us boys, it was true; but he was affable when we came in his way, and he gave Myron and Warren each a dollar bill when they went to Octavius to see the Fourth of July doings. In the evening some of the more important neighbours would drop in, and then Alva would talk about the War, and patriotism, and saving the Union, till it was like listening to Congress itself. He had a rich, big voice which filled the whole room, so that the hired men could hear every word out in the kitchen; but it was even more affecting to see him walking with his father down under the poplars, with his hands making orator's gestures as he spoke and old Arphaxed looking at him and listening with shining eyes.

Well, then he and his wife went away to visit her folks, and then we heard he had left to join his regiment. From time to time he wrote to his father—letters full of high and loyal sentiments, which were printed next week in the *Octavius Transcript*, and the week after in the *Thessaly Banner of Liberty*. Whenever any of us thought about the War—and who thought much of anything else?—it was always with Alva as the predominant figure in every picture.

Sometimes the arrival of a letter for Aunt Em, or a chance remark about a broken chair or a clock hopelessly out of kilter, would recall for the moment the fact that Abel Jones was also at the seat of war. He had enlisted on that very night when Alva headed the roll of honour, and he had marched away in Alva's company. Somehow he got no promotion, but remained in the ranks. Not even the members of the family were shown the letters Aunt Em received, much less the printers of the newspapers. They were indeed poor misspelled scrawls, about which no one displayed any interest or questioned Aunt Em. Even Marcellus rarely spoke of his father, and seemed to share to the full the family's concentration of thought upon Alva.

them in boots that came up to their thighs. Everybody understood that as soon as this mud dried up a little, there were to be most terrific doings. The two great lines of armies lay scowling at each other, still on that blood-soaked fighting ground between Washington and Richmond where they were three years before. Only now things were to go differently. A new General was at the head of affairs, and he was going in, with jaws set and nerves of steel, to smash, kill, burn, annihilate, sparing nothing, looking not to right or left, till the red road had been hewed through to Richmond. In the first week of May this thing began—a push forward all along the line—and the North, with scared eyes and a fluttering heart, held its breath.

My chief personal recollection of those historic forty days is that one morning I was awakened early by a noise in my bed-room, and saw my mother looking over the contents of the big chest of drawers which stood against the wall. She was getting out some black articles of apparel. When she discovered that I was awake, she told me in a low voice that my Uncle Alva had been killed. Then a few weeks later my school closed, and I was packed off to the farm for the vacation. It will be better to tell what happened as I learned it there from Marcellus and the others.

Along about the middle of May, the weekly paper came up from Octavius, and old Arphaxed Turnbull, as was his wont, read it over out on the piazza before supper. Presently he called his wife to him, and showed her something in it. Martha went out into the kitchen, where Aunt Em was getting the meal ready, and told her, as gently as she could, that there was very bad news for her; in fact, her husband, Abel Jones, had been killed in the first day's battle in the Wilderness, something like a week before. Aunt Em said she didn't believe it, and Martha brought in the paper and pointed out the fatal line to her. It was not quite clear whether this convinced Aunt Em or not. She finished getting supper, and sat

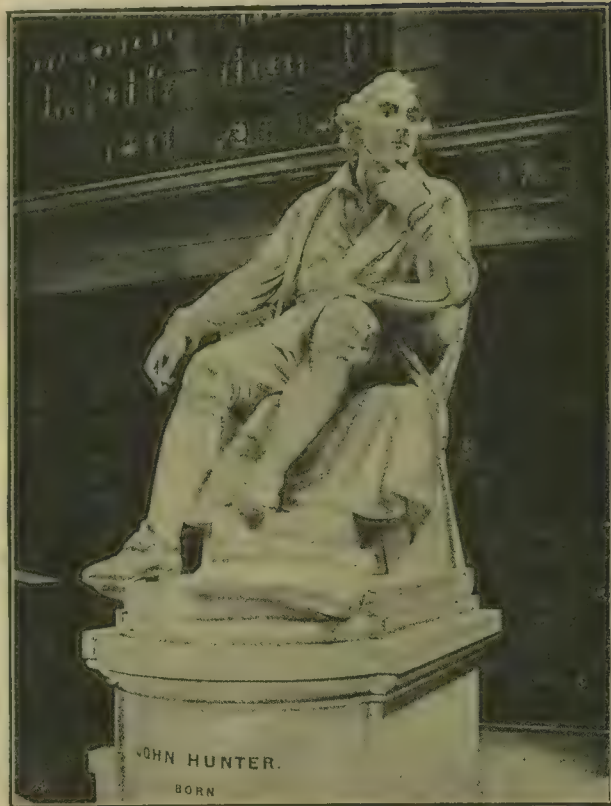
THE JOHN HUNTER CENTENARY.

The centenary of the death, Oct. 16, 1793, of the most eminent of British surgeons, anatomists, and physiologists in the last century is a suitable occasion for reproducing his portrait, which was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and

John Hunter, born July 14, 1728, had a brother, William Hunter, ten years older than himself, who studied medicine and surgery at Edinburgh and in London, became a lecturer on those subjects in Covent Garden and a successful practitioner, especially in midwifery; he won the favour of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was appointed Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy. The merit and reputation of William Hunter, as a physician, accoucheur, and scientific investigator, were of the highest order, and his library and museum, bequeathed to the University of Glasgow, form a noble monument of his knowledge and industry; but his fame has perhaps been since eclipsed by that of his younger brother. It was in 1748 that John Hunter, who had been three years an apprentice to his brother-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, a cabinet-maker at Glasgow, came to London to join William Hunter as assistant in the dissecting-room which the latter had established, two years before, for the instruction of students of anatomy. John Hunter soon became a pupil of Cheselden, then surgeon to Chelsea Hospital, and was afterwards at Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1753 he entered St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, intending to take a degree which would qualify him to practice as a physician, but his University education was never completed. He seems to have soon changed his purpose, resolving to devote his whole attention to surgery and anatomy, and pursued his further studies at St. George's Hospital. Becoming a partner in his brother's school he delivered a portion of the annual course of lectures there until his health gave way, when he procured an appointment as staff surgeon in the Army, with which he served, chiefly in Spain and Portugal, till the peace of 1763. On his return to England he commenced practice as a surgeon in London. His professional earnings in the first five years were scarcely enough to support him, and he formed classes of pupils, but was often embarrassed for money to defray the cost of his researches and collections of specimens. In 1767 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year became surgeon to St. George's Hospital. This appointment secured his position, and during twenty-five years his fame continually increased. He held the office of Inspector-General of Hospitals. Among his pupils were Jenner and Everard Home; the sister of the latter became John Hunter's wife. From the time of his appointment to St. George's Hospital, the life of John Hunter was occupied with constant and laborious investigations of every branch of natural history, comparative anatomy, physiology, and pathology, in the hours he could spare from a large surgical practice.

The museum which he formed, consisting of more than ten thousand preparations, contains, in the physiological series, dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed in two main divisions; the first illustrating the functions which serve the vital needs of the individual, such as the circulation of sap or of blood, digestion, nutrition, respiration, and locomotion; the second, those which provide for the reproduction of the species. There was also a collection of nearly a thousand skeletons, besides collections of 3000 plants and animals, 1200 fossils, and 2500 pathological specimens, illustrating the processes and effects of various diseases. This museum was purchased from Hunter's family for £15,000, to be presented to the Royal College of Surgeons, by whom it has been maintained and greatly augmented.

John Hunter's published writings are collected in four volumes, edited by Mr. J. F. Palmer, with a memoir by Dr. Drewry Otley, and consist principally of treatises "on certain parts of the animal economy," on "the human teeth," on "the blood," and on "inflammation and gunshot wounds." Other notes or treatises of his were employed, after his death, by Sir Everard Home, in essays contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions." It is probable that physiological science owes to John Hunter the earliest suggestion of many important discoveries for which credit has been given to his immediate and later successors. He was certainly, as appears from his drawings, well acquainted with the development of the embryo; and he had obtained some insight into the development of species, for he



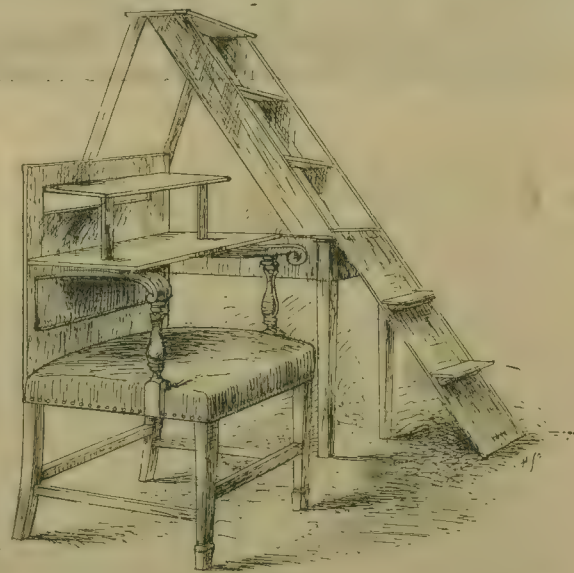
STATUE OF JOHN HUNTER, IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

regarded monstrous formations as exhibiting a reversion to the natural type of animals lower in the scale of creation. His remarks on fossil bones prove also that he discerned the elements of palæontological inquiry. In practical surgery, also, and in pathology, he has the merit of having first accurately observed the disease of



JOHN HUNTER'S LANCET CASE, POCKET SCALES, AND SILVER TANKARD.

inflammation of the veins, while his studies of the venereal disease, and his improvement of the operation for aneurism, were of the greatest utility to the healing art. John Hunter, as a natural philosopher, especially as a comparative zoologist, would perhaps have attained the fame of a precursor of Darwin if he had had



HUNTER'S LIBRARY STEPS AND CHAIR, ARRANGED FOR SHOWING SPECIMENS.

more time for writing theoretical essays. He kept, at Earl's Court, a curious menagerie of all kinds of living animals, whose habits and instincts he methodically observed. If he left any notes or records of these observations among his manuscripts they were, unhappily, neglected by his literary executors, and have been destroyed.



JOHN HUNTER'S BIRTHPLACE, AT LONG CALDERWOOD, EAST LANARKSHIRE.

From a Water Colour at the Royal College of Surgeons.

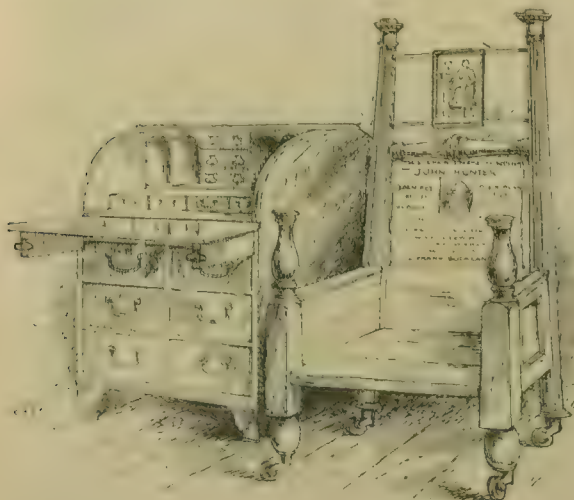
which belongs to the Royal College of Surgeons. With this are presented views of the farmhouse in which John Hunter was born, at Long Calderwood, Kilbride, near Glasgow, and of the house at Earl's Court, then a rural suburb of

Copper in which the body of the Irish giant was boiled.

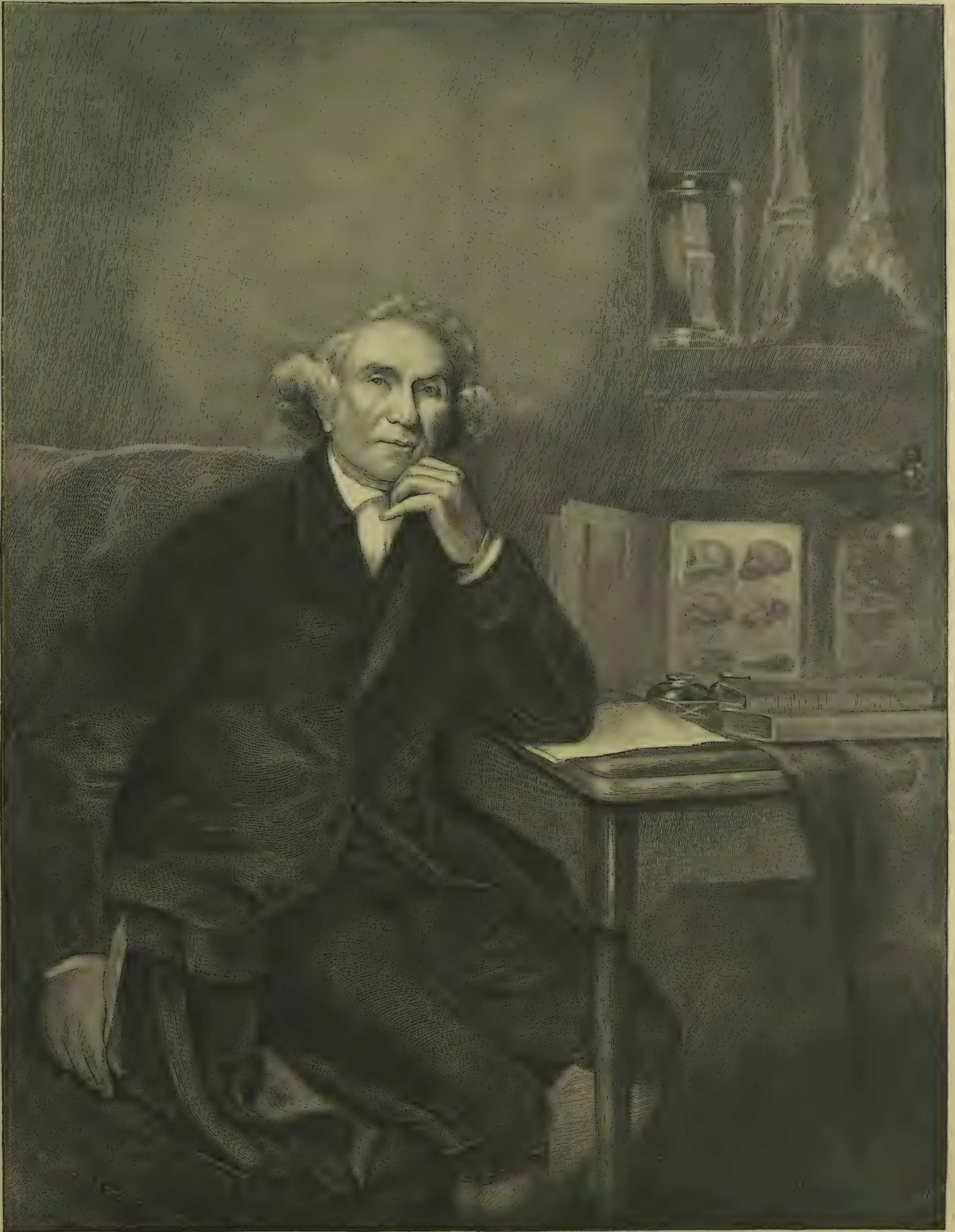


JOHN HUNTER'S HOUSE AT EARL'S COURT.

London, in which he resided during the latter years of his life, together with a few relics preserved at the Royal College of Surgeons, for which institution his valuable museum was purchased by Government.



ESCRITOIRE BELONGING TO JOHN HUNTER, AND CHAIR MADE FROM BEDSTEAD BELONGING TO HUNTER.



JOHN HUNTER, F.R.S.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

LITERATURE.

A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS.

The Poets and the Poetry of the Century: Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets. Edited by A. H. Miles. (London: Hutchinson and Co. 1893.)—If Mr. Alfred Miles had been "a man of wicked cheer, a sneering man adunc to see," he would probably have prefixed as motto to this volume those famous verses from Mr. Matthew Arnold's "New Age," in which that poet, in his double character of *vates*, spoke of the "poets like Shakespeare" and the "beautiful souls." But I should judge Mr. Miles from his book, in this and other volumes, to be a man whom the fairy godmother has not cursed with a nasty sardonic spirit; at any rate, he has here held up to us a very interesting mirror of our own age in poetry. The youngest singers of the nearly eighty who figure here are very young indeed. As the eldest happen to be my own contemporaries within five or six years, I hope they are not very old, even if I have the five or six years to my advantage.

Of the arrangement of the volume it is a little hard to speak. Mr. Miles has given the bulk of it to the majority of his selections; he has included some score more in a sort of appendix headed "Ac Etiam" (I should have said "Atque Etiam" if I had said it at all, but never mind); and a third class are huddled yet more tightly and ungraciously together with a line or two each of mention—no quotation at all. It would be exceedingly rash to enter into the fitness or unfitness of this partition. I trow that those who have not received the greater honours would not particularly thank me for condoling with them, while those who have escaped the lesser would certainly have my life (or wish to do so) for challenging their "class." I shall only say that the distribution has sometimes caused the eyebrows of astonishment to rise outside the brain of inability to comprehend. In one point, however, Mr. Miles shall have my suffrage, for what it is worth, without stint or hesitation. He is the first person, I think, who in any such selection as this has set Mr. Robert Bridges in his proper place. I shall not enter into any argument as to that place here, partly because there is no room, and partly because it would be quite useless. All points are not to be argued; it is sometimes best to meet the gainsayer with a polite "Ah! You think so?" and to pass to the order of the day. The order of the day is a tolerably rich order. I love the poet—major when I can get him; minor, when I cannot; and I would at any time rather have a twenty books clothed in black and red of his (and he rather affects black and red nowadays, the poet) than robes rich, rebeck, or psalterie—with the last two of which, indeed, I should not in the least know what to do. It is rather pleasant to me to find that there is hardly anybody here with whose works I am not pretty well acquainted already, though there are not a few whom, to speak with frankness, I should never have dreamed of putting in any such selection. On the other hand, I find, with some surprise, that more than one of the selected is put rather lower than I should put him, which has not been a common experience in this publication. This is especially the case with the late Mr. O'Shaughnessy, a poet of the strangest lapses and gaps and flaws and inequalities, but a poet if ever there was one. It is with unending surprise that I find my friend Dr. Garnett denying him "a keen and sympathetic insight into life." I should say that that is just what he had—though the insight might be narrow as well as deep as the boring of an artesian well. The author not merely of the "Barcarolle," of the "Fountain of Tears," of "Has Summer come without the Rose?" (which are here), but of the splendid prelude to "Music and Moonlight," "We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams"; of the "Aloe Song" in the same volume, of the verses in the opening poem of the "Epic of Women," which begin "Oh, when the shroud of night is spread," had something more than the root of the matter in him—he had the flower and fruit. True, he had drawbacks. He seems to me (for I may as well say that I never had even the least personal knowledge of him) deficient in scholarship. It was very unlucky for him that his verse appeared just in the heyday of Mr. Swinburne's, and took some real and more apparent colour from his greater contemporary. He would probably never have done very much, and very possibly did do the best that was in him. But that best was poetry. And no one who has, as O'Shaughnessy had, insight into Love can be charged with failure of insight into Life.

Perhaps this digression on a poet who has always seemed to me to have been astoundingly undervalued has carried me a little away. But these poor old dead are both safer subjects and more deserving than the living, who have plenty of time in which to have justice done them. Besides, some of the living appear to wish not to be handled. Mr. Henley and Mr. Watson, for instance, have articles but no extracts tacked to their names; so that only a very impolite man would indulge in comment on them. To say what I should and what I should not have given of what here appears from Mr. Lang and Mr. Gosse, from Mr. Stevenson and Madame Darmesteter and Mr. Kipling, would be a very idle way of filling up room. Let me only bless Providence and Mr. Miles for the reproduction once more of "The Ballad of East and West." It is impossible to print that noble thing too often, and, for my part, if I were bidden to emulate the Marquis of Halifax and write some "Cautions on the Choice of a Parliament Man," I should say, "Make him swear—

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife and the wondrous Names of God

that he knows where that line comes from and doth heartily approve of and sympathise with the whole spirit of the poem."

This is, however, something of a case of "Where are the nine?" I have said that there are some eighty names here, and I cannot have mentioned many more than eight. All that I can say is that, if I am to mention "the lave," the Editor must give me a great deal more space than he has allotted. There are more than seven hundred pages in the book, and there is hardly a page which might not be made

profitable if only in the old alarming way for "reproof and correction," while I verily believe that a very large proportion might be made profitable for enjoyment and for giving the reasons of the enjoyment. After all, it is a much better thing than prose, is verse. It is all very well to rail at *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, but can the red and raging eye of imagination conceive anything more awful than, anything so dreary as, a world of Water and Men and Prose?

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE DISCOVERER OF MASHONALAND.

Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa. Being the Narrative of the Last Eleven Years Spent by the Author on the Zambesi and its Tributaries; with an Account of the Colonisation of Mashonaland and the Progress of the Gold Industry in that Country. By Frederick Courtney Selous, C.M.Z.S. With numerous illustrations and map. (London: Rowland Ward and Co., Limited.)—Mr. Selous's book appears with a timeliness which must be a joy to his publishers. He was practically the discoverer of Mashonaland; he has traversed it for many years in all directions in search of game and minerals; it was he who led the expedition of the Chartered Company to take possession of it; he wrote this book about it; and now he is in command of Fort Tuli, one of the four forts of the Company, preparing for the onslaught of Lobengula's warriors. It is not often that an author contrives to have his book on the market at the very moment of the outbreak of hostilities in the country he describes. We are on the eve of another South African war. It may be short and sharp, consisting of a couple of engagements between the Company's citizen-soldiers and the savages who find so much misplaced sympathy in this country; but we must not forget that the defeat of Dr. Jameson would commit the British Government to a series of military operations which could only be conducted with much deliberation, and in such force as to render repulse impossible. And this is the way that every war in the painful catalogue which South Africa offers to memory has begun. A thousand Englishmen are in and around the Chartered Company's forts; Lobengula is said to have twenty thousand fighting men, many of whom, by the irony of fate or the folly which leads civilised nations to trade arms, ammunition, and alcoholic drinks with savages, are armed with rifles which Mr. Rhodes himself presented to the Matabele Chief. Mashonaland is not a place where "a thousand men may well be stopped by three," but there is every reason to believe that the confidence shown in the Company's forces in their ability to teach Lobengula a lesson which shall make the Mashonas safe for ever from their bloodthirsty enemies and leave Mashonaland a peaceful place for British colonists, is not erroneous. Mr. Selous himself regards the struggle as bound to come, if not now then later; and if he be right, then the sooner the better. The Government has withdrawn its prohibition of active measures, and the next few weeks will decide the issue.

Mr. Selous has been all his life a professional hunter of big game, and there is hardly a first-rate museum in the world which does not offer examples of his prowess. Ten years ago he decided to give up his roving hunting life and accepted a post as ostrich farmer. Before settling down he came to England for a holiday, but on his return to South Africa he found that commercial depression had ruined his employer, and that the ostrich-farming business had sunk to an ebb at which no profit was to be made. Fortunately he had noted down a number of orders from European collectors and museums to supply skins and skeletons of African fauna, so he once more bought oxen and wagons and started for the interior. This volume is the result, and as a record of hunting adventures it is almost without equal. Any reader interested in sport will find half its contents of fascinating interest. There is hardly a wild beast of importance that he has not met face to face and vanquished in fair fight, often running entirely unnecessary risks from mere love of his occupation and confidence in his own eye and hand and heart. It is to be feared that his success with a small-bore rifle will prove disastrous to other people, for to plant a bullet in the heart or brain of a lion, elephant, rhinoceros, or buffalo with a weapon of the calibre used in a Scotch deer-forest is an undertaking which not more than one hunter in a thousand could safely attempt. Use the biggest bore rifle you can carry, is the safe rule for the big game hunter; and Mr. Selous's brilliant exploits should be regarded as the exceptions which prove it. There is not space in these columns to give illustrative extracts of Mr. Selous's exciting adventures, so graphically because so simply and modestly told, so the statement must suffice that so many of them have never been gathered between the covers of a single book. And I can assure anybody who has ever seen "the fierce light which scintillates from the eyes of a wounded lion or any other of the large *Felidae*," as Mr. Selous truly describes it, that they will live again in his pages through the most charmed and fascinating moments of their lives.

In considering what Mr. Selous has to say about Mashonaland, one must remember the French proverb beginning, *A tous les parents, leurs enfants*. He discovered the place; he knows more about it than any man living; he has led British colonists to it, and it is only natural that he should be prejudiced in its favour. "It has already been thoroughly proved," he says, "alike in Mashonaland, Manica, and Matabililand, at Salisbury, Umtali, and Bulawayo, that, given the most ordinary conditions of comfort, and freedom from excessive exposure, white men, women, and children enjoy as good health in these countries as in any other part of South Africa." Of its mineral wealth he declares there is not the slightest doubt, and he anticipates for Mashonaland the experience of California. "Reefs innumerable in all parts of the country will be worked to advantage"; around each gold-mining centre agriculture will flourish, until at length, whether the gold lasts or not, a prosperous and permanently settled community will grow up. For himself he asks no better memory than to have been identified with the addition of Mashonaland to the British Empire; and certainly, whatever the result may be, the name of Selous will be a household word there for ever, when the butchering raids of Lobengula and his *impis* have passed from memory.

HENRY NORMAN.

FROM THE FIVE RIVERS.

From the Five Rivers. By Flora Annie Steel. (London: William Heinemann, 1893.)—Mrs. Steel has chosen her subjects where Mr. Kipling has frequently chosen his. In consequence, a comparison must suggest itself; but it is no sooner suggested than dismissed—the methods of the two writers are absolutely different. Mrs. Steel uses sometimes the short and snappy sentence, especially in those moments of bitterness which make her book attractive—partly because they are artistically inevitable and partly because they are only moments. Yet the difference between her style and Mr. Kipling's is the difference between the feminine and the masculine; and if one says that it is also in this case the difference between talent and genius, that is not to disparage Mrs. Steel—so many of us write along quite comfortably without even having talent.

When Mrs. Steel uses the long sentence, it is, as a rule, for the purposes of description; and these long sentences are a weak point in the book. That she can observe is clear, and that she can write is also clear; but that she can write out several careful observations of one scene or person, so that the average reader can get all the good out of her sentence, is exceedingly doubtful. The secret of good descriptive writing, like the secret of good manners, lies in an ability to put one's self in the place of another. Probably, Mrs. Steel's descriptions will be recognised with pleasure by those who know the person or thing described; but the untravelled Englishman, average and unpretentious, taking a standing luncheon in a hurry in Fleet Street, is not enabled by them to see clearly; in description, in fact, Mrs. Steel often wants lucidity and directness.

For the rest, "Suttu" and "At a Girls' School" are much stronger than anything else in the book, although "Gunesh Chund" is also good, and "The Blue Monkey" illustrates quite admirably the sort of person the Hindu may be when he is made in England. The verse in the volume is rather weak—

I could tell you a story—well, half a glass more—but I'd best hold my tongue.
So Mian Fuzla had never his match! Come, that's good! Why, when we were both young—
What the deuce am I saying? Jehannam be mine, but I cannot keep still!
I'll tell how I swam the Chenab in full flood! Yes; by Allah! I will.

Now, that is the way in which the heroic pointsman talks in the recitations, and it is also the way in which Mr. Bret Harte's miners talk when pressed for a story; and no amount of "by Allah!" or "Jehannam" will give it an individuality; so, too, the "Harvest Song," which is very good of its kind, is nevertheless of a kind—the drawing-room-song kind—and consequently wants distinction.

But it would be ungrateful to end thus. There are not very many story books nowadays that are worth thinking about; and this is one of the few. There is individuality in the book, even though it is obscured in the verses, and so long as an author has that, it is always worth while for him to go on, and always possible that he may go far.

BARRY PAIN.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

My first acquaintance with the Master of Balliol was made in the heather, somewhere on the slopes of the Table of Lorne. I remember a face of peculiar sweetness and gentleness under hair which was bleached long before its natural day. The portrait of Mr. Jowett by the elder Richmond is a good, if a somewhat softened representation of him as he was in those distant years. Later, his features naturally became less mild and smooth, and perhaps the best likeness of him is that in chalk by M. Laugé. He always retained the comparative youthfulness of aspect which goes with a round countenance and small features. There was always in him something unexpectedly and almost discordantly cherubic. His look could express cheerful amusement, or sympathy, or disapproval, but perhaps, when he seemed to disapprove, his fancy was really absent; he was not attending, but thinking of other matters. They knew the Master best who knew him longest. As a young tutor at Balliol he had many junior friends and pupils, some of them commemorated in Principal Shairp's poem on Balliol scholars. Many of these died before their old friend and tutor: such were Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Walrond, Mr. Lancaster, Professor Sellar, Sir Alexander Grant. Of living men of the elder generation, his pupil and fellow-worker in Plato, Professor Campbell, doubtless knew him most intimately. But he was always making new friends among men, women, and children; and each would see him at a peculiar angle and in a fresh light. Perhaps no one now living remembers him as an undergraduate, a young tutor, and as the head of a great college. To some he is the theologian who was reckoned heretical; to others the assiduous student, who was not to be daunted, who would never leave hold of his work, in face of the near shape of death. Others, again, remember him best as the Master, the Vice-Chancellor, his time much devoured by "meetings" and committees. He was an assiduous attendant of these gatherings, which to others seem a waste of a scholar's span, but he took them as a matter of duty. Many knew the Master as a host, or as a guest in town or country; for he mysteriously found time for everything. As a younger man, certainly, he borrowed many hours from the night. A friend tells me that as an undergraduate he hardly knew Mr. Jowett, who, meeting him on the staircase, offered to help him with his work, and, on consulting his tablets, found that his only unoccupied hour was between one and two o'clock in the morning! He was prodigal of his time, of his labour, and, it must be added, of his money in the service of others. No mortal knows the extent of his gifts: what he owned he seemed to hold in trust for the service of scholars, of scholarship, and of the college. Living, he would have strongly disliked any allusion to these good deeds; nor, now that he is gone, can we break further through the fence of his reserve. To the world of readers he was among the first of benefactors, for he made Plato speak nearly as golden a tongue in English as in Greek.

These are a few of the aspects in which the Master was known, but the true man was only familiar to his nearest friends and to their children. To have been his friend was to have made a friend for a whole family, and of friends the truest, the most indefatigable. He had been the tutor of my own kinsmen, and he was mine. I cannot speak of him as they could have spoken; I knew him less well: my pet studies were not very congenial to him, for he, like mankind in general, cared but little for folk-lore and anthropology. He was responsible for making me vex the world about Homer, for he made me, as an undergraduate, write an essay on Wolf's "Prolegomena." But he frankly confessed, in later years, that he thought it time to drop the Homeric question. "Don't write as if you were writing for a penny paper," he said to me in undergraduate times: it seems to have been a form of original sin. When I went up to Balliol, Mr. Jowett was still a tutor; Dr. Scott, of the Dictionary, was then Master. Mr. Woolcombe, a kind and good, but not a very modern man, was Dean of Chapel; Mr. T. H. Green was a young tutor. To say that, between Dr. Scott and Mr. Woolcombe, Mr. Jowett was in a perfectly sympathetic environment would be rather genial than veracious. Mr. Green was beginning to be the Prophet of the College; his studies in Hegel were applied to the illustration of Aristotle, and of life in general. Mr. Green's lectures we all attended, and "darkly held him great and wise." Not possessing a taste for metaphysics, I never became very Hegelian, nor at all went in the way of Robert Elsmere. The time had been when Mr. Jowett was reckoned "dangerous," a corrupter of belief, I never could guess why. In his "Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture" (in "Essays and Reviews") he only seems to speak "organised common-sense." His remarks to men who mean to take orders, and who feel "a shade of trouble," might have been

very serviceable to poor Mr. Elsmere in his perplexities: "First, he may possibly not be the person who is called on to pursue such inquiries. No man should busy himself with them who has not clearness of mind enough to see things as they are, and a faith strong enough to rest in that degree of knowledge which God has really given." The last words exactly define the Master's own position in matters of belief. Each of us believes what he can, in each case the measure varies; our duty and happiness is in that measure to be strong. Mr. Greatheart himself was not stronger than the Master. To know that, as matter of certainty, was necessarily a powerful support to the shaken faiths of early years; not that one regarded Mr. Jowett as endowed with some mystic peculiar knowledge, but because of one's conception of his character. He had made no compromise with himself; he had simply "a faith strong enough to rest in that degree of knowledge which God had really given" to him. Speaking out of memories very distinct, I am at a loss to know why Mr. Jowett was reckoned "dangerous." His desire and ideal was to be tolerant of differences of opinion as well as of what he found distasteful in character or manner. But he had enough in him of his hero, Dr. Johnson, to find this ideal rather difficult of attainment. I do not think he loved the High Church party of his time, and I fancy that an "æsthete" went against his grain—small blame to him! He would pardon a great deal to the levity of youth; with Dr. Johnson, he rather liked

colleagues have a right to speak. His taste in literature was solid and classical; it would have been unreasonable to expect him to read all the books which his pupils, when they took to letters, laid at his feet. He believed in "the great work," but it is not everyone who can write a great work, and still less, when written, would a *magnum opus* have necessarily numbered the Master among its students. Yet, to have won his full approval and interest would have been a prize beyond any that general success could offer. The Master has gone; we shall never see such another. He is mourned by more friends, perhaps, of ranks and ages more various, than any other man of his day. From the Laureate and Mr. Browning to the youngest freshman, or to the children of his old or younger pupils, all who really knew him loved him. But, to be loved, he needed to be known.

LORD TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS.

Lord Tennyson and His Friends. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—It might seem at first sight unkind to limit the number of the late Laureate's friends, or invidiously to make a special selection from those who would eagerly assert their right to be so classed. A more correct title, therefore, for this sumptuous and really valuable work, to which Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie appropriately writes the prologue, would be, "Lord Tennyson and His Friends, as Recognised by Mrs. Julia Cameron." We have here five-and-twenty of those

portraits which, in the earlier days of the Talbotype process, revealed for the first time the possibilities of photography. It was Mrs. Cameron's aim (and it has been followed out by her son, Mr. H. H. Cameron, whose work is also to be found in this volume) to convey something of the inward and spiritual nature of each sitter. She was careful, of course, in her selection, and her opportunities were many for securing the best "subjects" whom literature, art, and poetry could offer. The story of how Mrs. Cameron settled in the Isle of Wight, and of the life at Freshwater and Farringford, is told pleasantly, though with much delicate reticence, by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie—who was a frequent visitor and warm friend of both the poet and the photographer. The more ordinarily accepted notion that the latter "stormed" the citadel in which the Laureate had entrenched himself is not endorsed by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; but we may accept with but little scepticism the story of the appearance of the enthusiastic artist at untimely hours, and of the willingness with which the poet resigned himself to her frequent interruption of his solitude.

Of the "friends" who are here brought together round the poet they admired and loved it is difficult to speak. They represented all that was great, brilliant, and successful in the world of art and letters; and if most of them have now disappeared from among us they have left behind them names which will survive as long as the language they spoke and the country they adorned. Hallam, Carlyle, Darwin, and Browning are among the brightest stars of the nineteenth century, and their light was not dimmed but rather enhanced by the brilliancy of the sun to which each was for different reasons powerfully attracted, and whose influence each was ready to admit. Of all these—with the exception of Arthur Hallam—we have Mrs. Cameron's actual photographs from life, and the portraits will enable future students



THE LATE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

From a photo by Cameron and Co., published in "Lord Tennyson and His Friends" (Unwin).

to understand more of the men of this time than pages of minute biography. "Had we such portraits of Shakspeare and of Milton we should know more of their own selves. We should have better commentaries on 'Hamlet' and on 'Comus' than we now possess, even as you have secured us a better commentary on 'Maud' or 'In Memoriam' than all our critics have given us or will ever give us." Thus wrote the late Rev. F. Denison Maurice, one of Tennyson's best friends and warmest admirers—the absence of whose portrait from this series is perhaps the most regrettable omission. In its place, however, we have portraits of the Master of Trinity and the recently deceased Master of Balliol—the two men to whom the younger generation of Englishmen of promise owes so great a debt of gratitude. Of the last named it would, perhaps, be impossible to over-estimate the part he played in the intellectual development of his followers, or of the influence which, quite unseen, he wielded in shaping the destinies of those who had commended themselves to his interest.

It would be unjust to those to whom the responsibility of preparing this attractive volume is due to omit to recognise their share in the work. To reproduce from the negatives of Mrs. Cameron's old plates was no easy task in view of the changes which photography has undergone since the days when the originals were taken. To many eyes the portraits may appear too dark and blurred; but a more careful study will show that in no case have the more delicate lines of each face been sacrificed, while in each is infused some personal touch or hint which conveys to the spectator the sense of being in direct contact with the original.

the company of the Langtons and Beauclerks, while the Lovetts, students who were not rich nor well-mannered nor well born, found in him the gentlest and kindest of Mentors. Certainly he was often very silent, and not only shy himself, but the cause of shyness in others. Hence came many humorous anecdotes, of which some were probably true. He did so much and had so much to think of that he might be excused for being absent. How many of us remember the ordeal of going to wine, alone, with him, when it certainly was not always easy to make conversation! It was a little like consulting an oracle, though he never was so rude as the Delphic Oracle to the Athenians, with her "Get forth from my courts." Probably he annoyed a number of aspiring souls by urging them to be "practical," to do something very ordinary indeed. The particular Jordan which he selected for me to bathe in made me laugh at the time, and makes me laugh now when I think of it. Indeed, if you did not make allowance for the "irony" of the Master, you might be as much at sea as the sophist with Socrates. As a lecturer, I doubt if the Master shone or did himself justice. He used to lecture between one and two o'clock, when the soul was surfeited with lectures, and the body pined for luncheon. As a writer, as a preacher, or in private talk, when he did talk, he was much more inspiring than as a lecturer on Plato. Mr. Jowett became Master just when I left College, and I had no experience of him in that capacity, except as his guest. Critics may, perhaps, think that he allowed the College to exceed in numbers the limit of a College, but on this point only his later pupils and



A MESSENGER FROM THE WAR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Ending, as it began, amid praise and congratulation from every side, the Norwich Festival was altogether the most enjoyable that musicians have attended in the old capital of East Anglia for many a year. Great was the satisfaction of local amateurs on finding themselves at last in possession of a choir good enough to be considered on a par with

Mr. Joseph Bennett has shown his wonted skill as a librettist, and we share his surprise that no one before him thought of turning to account a subject so suitable for musical treatment. That the story fits Mr. Cowen's particular genius better than it would most composers' is beyond question. We have no musician so capable as he of handling with the requisite lightness of touch the personages and the incidents of fairy lore. It is this gift that has enabled him to imbue with such a wealth of picturesque charm the supernatural scenes in "The Water Lily." The choruses of spirits are exquisite in their delicacy, and the instrumentation is no less remarkable for its daintiness and grace. The dream music in the prologue is delightful: inspired by the idea of the Knight's vision in the forest, Mr. Cowen has given Ina a much more attractive solo here than when she laments her lonely fate upon the rocks of a Scilly islet. This extensive employment of *Leitmotive* would, perhaps, be more justified were the work as dramatic in character as it is in form. The treatment of the long and difficult scene at Caerleon shows, however, that Mr. Cowen is by no means dependent upon the tricks of his art for the adequate illustration of stirring romantic incidents. His music here is alike bold and effective, and deals very cleverly with a situation which combines the weird and supernatural with the real in a somewhat awkward fashion. The reception of the cantata was favourable in the extreme. The composer conducted, and the principal characters were worthily "created" by Madame Albani, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Norman Salmond.

As a native of Norwich Mr. Alfred Gaul was to some extent entitled to a hearing at the Festival. To say that his cantata "Una" achieved there the full measure

music is the best excuse for his not attempting higher flights. The fact remains, moreover, that his "tuneful numbers" were fully appreciated by his fellow-citizens, who at the close of the performance bestowed upon him an extremely hearty recall. The soloists in "Una" were Mrs. Helen Trust, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies,



Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.
MR. ALBERTO RANDEGGER,
CONDUCTOR OF THE FESTIVAL.



Photo by A. Dazano, Old Bond Street.
MR. J. F. BARNETT,
COMPOSER OF "THE WISHING BELL."

those of other Festivals. The long-standing complaint of choral mediocrity in the eastern counties has in reality been silenced by the simplest of devices—that of giving all well-trained singers with voices of decent quality the right of competing for places in the choir. Instead of being studiously kept out, the people at Yarmouth and Lowestoft and other neighbouring towns were encouraged to come and have their voices tried, the adjudicators being screened from view, so that there could be no suspicion of favouritism in the process. The outcome was a splendid body of some two hundred and fifty choristers, who, by the time Dr. Horace Hill had done with them, were fit to go anywhere and do anything. They proved to be quite worthy of association with the first-rate professional band engaged by Mr. Randegger, and, whether dealing with old works or now, succeeded in achieving some remarkably fine performances. Indeed, we think it may be said that the general level of executive merit was considerably above the Norwich average, and this impression made itself palpable not only in such familiar favourites as the "Messiah" and "St. Paul," but in such difficult modern *chefs-d'œuvre* as "The Golden Legend" and "Judith."

Of the numerous novelties included in the scheme of this gathering there can be no difficulty about assigning first place—though in actual fact it came out last of all—to Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata "The Water Lily." We are inclined to reckon it a stronger work than the same composer's "Sleeping Beauty," partly because the score reveals pages of greater imaginative power, and partly because Wordsworth's "Egyptian Maid" has furnished a more interesting poetic basis than did the well-worn nursery legend.



Photo by J. Collier, New Street, Birmingham.
MR. ALFRED R. GAUL,
COMPOSER OF "UNA."

of success which awaits it elsewhere would be more than a faithful chronicler has the right to assert. Mr. Gaul caters for a public of his own, and the popularity of his

and Mr. Norman Salmond. At the same concert Dr. Horace Hill (another Norwich man) obtained a hearing for his pleasantly written overture entitled "Yewbarrow"—a fitting reward for his excellent services as choir-master.

The two principal instrumental novelties, M. Paderewski's Polish Fantasia and Mr. Edward German's Symphony in A minor, belong to very different categories of abstract music, but each is a welcome and interesting example of its kind. The former has been compared to the Hungarian Rhapsodies of Liszt, but, correctly speaking, there is very little affinity between M. Paderewski's highly original and quasi-symphonic composition and the clever, showy pieces of the Weimar master beyond the tremendous executive difficulties with which both abound. In a word, we place the new Fantasia on a much higher plane, and our only doubt is whether there is another pianist besides Paderewski himself that is capable of doing it justice. Mr. German's symphony marks another forward stride in that talented young Englishman's career. It is a work to be listened to with no common interest and enjoyment, and its enthusiastic reception was among the most gratifying features of a memorable week.

We must not conclude our notice of the Norwich Festival without offering a sincere tribute of praise to Mr. Randegger, whose zealous fulfilment of his duties as conductor helped so materially towards the achievement of an all-round success. He worked hard and loyally from first to last, and, best of all, he possessed the unqualified confidence and esteem of his subordinates. From a financial point of view, the results of the gathering were most satisfactory. Thanks to perfect weather and a programme overflowing with attraction, the receipts were considerably in excess of the average of recent years.

"THE WISHING BELL."

The ancient church of St. Mary of the Lake, at Veldes, Carniola, in South Austria, has from time immemorial been a source of comfort, if not of actual profit, to the peasants of the surrounding country, who resort to it for the purpose of ringing the Wishing Bell, which hangs to this day in the tower of the edifice. The superstitious belief holds good among the simple folk that the ringing of the bell as an accompaniment to their prayers secures the fulfilment of their wishes. A story founded upon this old custom forms the groundwork of the cantata, bearing the title of "The Wishing Bell," composed by Mr. John Francis Barnett for this year's Norwich Festival. The libretto, which is written by Jetta Vogel, supposes a battle to be imminent, and the leader of the force that is defending the homes of the Lake peasantry sends his mother and bride to the little island upon which the church stands to ring the Wishing Bell and pray for victory. On the return of the two women, they are met by a crowd of others who have been watching the fight from the hills, and learn from them that their loved one has vanquished the foe and gained a complete triumph. Mr. Barnett's setting is for female voices only, and it is remarkable for simple, graceful melodiousness rather than treatment of an elaborate or dramatic character, for which, indeed, the nature of the subject cannot be said to call. In a word, the work is musicianly without being difficult, and it may be expected to become popular among societies or classes in which female voices predominate.



CHURCH OF ST. MARY OF THE LAKE, VELDES, CARNIOLA, IN SOUTH AUSTRIA.
WHERE THE "WISHING BELL" IS HUNG.

ART NOTES.

The Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, now open at the New Gallery, abundantly justifies the committee's decision not to make such exhibitions annual. "Art is long," and still longer is the training of craftsmen to higher aims. After an interval of two years the public is more able to judge what is being done by a body of men who, without hope of personal reward, have set themselves to raise the standard of our national handicrafts. How successful their efforts have been, how much wider a range of work is being brought under the influence of art, how self-reliance among workmen has been fostered—this exhibition testifies. In many branches, of course, a certain mannerism cramps the play of originality, and in others a too obsequious regard for conventional design limits the aspirations of the craftsmen. But, taken as a whole, there is much to raise the hope and to justify the belief that English work need no longer be dependent on foreign schools of design or on foreigners imported into this country to carry off the prizes of industry which should have fallen to our own fellow-citizens. On one point, however, the committee deserve reproach. It would have entailed little trouble on the framers of the catalogue of the works exhibited if pains had been taken to arrange, or at least to indicate, the source of the various objects in such a way that some idea of the relative value of the various art-training centres might be known; and, further, that it might be seen whether, as in olden days, certain handicrafts were especially connected with certain districts, so that in future the efforts of local students in such branches should be encouraged. It may also be hoped that when funds are forthcoming the committee will see the way to awarding prizes for meritorious work, and to explain to the public the grounds upon which their awards are made.

Passing from general to particular remarks on the Arts

it had to bear the reproach of "brutal or prosaic exactness." Not only have the materials and appliances of the photographer been improved, and extended, but the possibilities of his art, becoming more clear, show that to attain pre-eminence he must display something more than mechanical dexterity. Just now two exhibitions of the



TABLE GLASS, WEDDING GIFT FROM CITIZENS OF EDINBURGH TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

works of contemporary photographers are open—that of the Photographic Society of Great Britain at the old Water Colour Society's Gallery in Pall Mall, and the Photographic Salon, more or less under the auspices of the Camera Club, at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly. Broadly speaking, it may be said that the first-named exhibition shows the development of photography as a science, while the other aims at bringing it forward

EDINBURGH GIFTS TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York to Edinburgh on Oct. 3 was attended by the presentation of wedding gifts. That of the citizens of Edinburgh consists of a service of table glass and a collection of books in a suitable cabinet, all the product of Edinburgh art and industry. The service of glass is of a special design chosen by the Lord Provost and the committee, prepared expressly for the occasion by Messrs. John Ford and Co., glass manufacturers to her Majesty, Holyrood Glass Works. It displays circular panels of bright cutting, in which the royal dual arms are delicately engraved on the larger pieces, and the monogram, G.V., surmounted by the coronet, on the smaller pieces, with the city arms on the panel opposite. These panels are connected by cut ribbons, interlaced with engravings of the rose and the shamrock, the intervening diamond-shaped spaces being filled up with thistle decoration naturally treated, sprays of thistle also forming borders for the whole design. The shape of all the pieces, being cylindrical, is specially suitable for such treatment. The fine cut stems of the glasses are relieved by lapidary-cut balls at the extremities, and the feet are tastefully decorated with finely cut rayed stars. This service is intended for twenty-four persons and consists of 256 pieces, the designs and production of which have been carried out entirely by the members of the firm and their artists. Of the books, the principal are a set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and a set of Scott's works and Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

CITY WEDDING GIFT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The gift from the Corporation of the City of London to the Duke and Duchess of York, on the marriage of their



DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICE, WEDDING GIFT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK FROM THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.



GOLD CASKET FOR THE KING OF DENMARK.

At the recent visit of the King of Denmark to the City of London, the Corporation presented his Majesty with an address of welcome. This is enclosed in a suitable gold casket, which has been manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street. It is of Renaissance design, the general form being oblong, with round ends, relieved by four bold pilasters. On the front are the arms of the City of London, surrounded by four spandrels in relief, enclosing a rose, emblematical of England, in ruby enamel. On one pilaster is the King of Denmark's initial, "C," reversed, threaded by an olive branch, emblem of peace, and surmounted by the Danish royal crown. On the other side are the City cap, sword, and mace, and olive branch. The ends have panels, containing views of the Mansion House, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower Bridge, and an old Viking ship. Around the base are festoons of flowers in bold relief, and twelve shields, the centre one and the two end ones containing the arms of the old Danish Kings, the others the arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The top is surmounted by the arms and Crown of Denmark.



CITY OF LONDON GOLD CASKET FOR KING OF DENMARK.

of English country scenery, Mr. Colebrook's, Mr. G. W. Tyser's, and Mr. Warneke's work show that the members of the older society recognise the value of artistic qualities in a photographer. At the Photographic Salon, where possibly the younger school of photographers is more strongly represented, these latter aims are held to be of paramount importance.

and Crafts Exhibition, the principal works which will attract attention are not those where the artist and craftsman have worked together—as, for instance, the Arras Tapestry designed by Mr. E. Burne-Jones and executed by Messrs. Morris and Co., but rather those where the workman has also furnished the design—as in the painted enamels executed at the Finsbury Technical College; the hammered silver-work of Mr. R. Catterson-Smith; the chimneypiece in carved alabaster, relating the legend of Rapunzel, by Messrs. Wilson and Pomeroy; and the specimens of bookbinding by Mr. Cobden Sanderson and the numerous amateurs whom his example has led to apply themselves seriously to the acquisition of a useful handicraft.

The designs for coloured glass naturally occupy a prominent place in such an exhibition, and without referring to the achievements of deceased artists like Rossetti or Ford Madox Brown, the work of Mr. Burne-Jones, of Mr. C. W. Whall, and Mr. H. Holliday shows that we possess designers in this special branch who, combining imaginative power with the knowledge of practical application, can vie with any of their Continental rivals. In another branch, Mr. Walter Crane is, perhaps, the artist whose range is widest in all that pertains to purely decorative work; but he does not always achieve the result at which he aims, as, for example, in a design for a repoussé copper shield for the London Schools Swimming Association, where the design is cut into two equal parts by the unbroken line of the arm and leg of one of the figures. The jewellery and hammered metal designed and partially executed by Messrs. C. R. Ashbee and W. Hardiman are, perhaps, among the most encouraging results of the teaching of the Guild and School of Handicrafts. The various works in Langdale linen, the silk and other embroideries designed by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis F. Day, and Mr. William Morris (for Kelmiscott Manor), are also sure to attract attention; but the font for the private chapel at Welbeck, entrusted to too many hands, consequently wants uniformity and simplicity. The leather bindings and book illustrations with which the South Gallery is filled show the steady growth of taste as well as the power of satisfying it.

Photography is evidently taking up a far more prominent position in the art world than formerly; when

ADIEU TO CHICAGO.—II.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

The great charm of the great Exhibition which is so soon to be closed is its spaciousness. It stands, as no other exhibition ever stood, in a large park with lagoons and fine trees, and whenever the mind is weary of the exhibits of one building you can refresh yourself with a slice of nature before attacking another. The walks are broad and pleasant, especially that by the side of the lake, the trees shady, and once within the grounds you feel that you have found a refuge from the noise and bustle of the town outside; for even though 150,000 persons may have found a refuge there too, there is never an unpleasant crowd unless you go into a very favourite building. The "Fisheries" was always crowded when we were there, and we never could make up our minds whether the people who pressed up to the great glass tanks to look at the strange creatures within them, or the fishes which pressed up to the glass to look at the strange creatures without, made rounder eyes or opened their mouths widest in astonishment at each other. The people were people of all sorts—the fishes were of all sorts too; some, indeed, were so strange that it was little wonder that one poor old woman turned to us as if in despair, and said: "Oh, for pity's sake, tell me what *is* them!" The only time to enjoy the Fisheries was early in the morning. The model of the Victoria was unapproachable at all hours, and so was the "Tiffany" diamond. About luncheon time the tide of humanity set strongly in the direction of the upper storey of the Agricultural Building, *et pour cause*, especially if it were youthful and hungry. It really was amusing to see the exhibitors pressing every conceivable compound of food on the passers-by. We watched the course of a party of these, and can with truth affirm that before they had left that building they had each swallowed a cup of chocolate, a biscuit with peach-butter liberally spread upon it, another with Chili sauce, another with celery ditto, and one with some preparation of what the Americans call tomatyoes. Then came a glass of Root beer, a small plate of rolled oats and cream, a slab of chocolate, and a biscuit with a dab of potted meat on it, some little rolls blown up to an unnatural height to show off the valuable properties of a certain kind of baking powder, and a cup of coffee. Nor was this all, but memory fails. Many visitors carried bags which became more and more heavy and swollen as the day wore on, and they had admitted a cake of chocolate, ditto of soap warranted to make clothes clean without any rubbing whatsoever, samples of gigantic currants, a packet of a yeast which would never fail to elevate every subject that it dealt with, a baking-powder which was superior to all others, a biscuit which would dissolve in the mouth at once, and another which would engage the recipient's attention for at least half an hour, a little wooden barrel as a souvenir of certain flour-mills to which they ought to dispatch an order, a cedar clothes-peg as a souvenir of something else that they had never so much as heard of, and a little note-book in which it would be well for them to note down everything which had made an indelible impression on their memory for fear that they should forget it. Fans were to be seen here, there, and everywhere. Wheresoever you went one was thrust into your hand as a gift. It might

Fans were so freely given that they were as freely thrown away. Souvenirs, too, became as burdensome in Chicago as they are apt to do elsewhere, and more than once have we seen the bearer of a heavy bag—perhaps a girl, and a pretty one—empty her bag with the exclamation, "I can't go on carrying all this truck about with me any

one or two wild-looking people who seemed like living illustrations to Bret Harte's novels, and there was, the papers said, "the Boston Girl." According to these papers, she always wore a well-made blue serge with a little blue half-jacket body and white blouse with a large white collar and sleeves, likewise a blue sailor's hat; and



THE DISTRESS IN THE COLLIERY DISTRICTS: DINNER FOR CHILDREN AT NOTTINGHAM.

longer," and fly to a rocking-chair in the nearest verandah to recover herself, little thinking that the rocking in which she delighted was the torture of most of her neighbours.

Strange to say, there was not a tenth part so many people from out-of-the-way places in brilliant and gorgeous costumes as we had hoped to see. Sometimes if we chanced to be in the Midway Plaisance about noon we met a troop of Japanese women hurrying along with a curious stumbling gait under the great scarlet umbrellas which they scarcely seemed able to hold up, and frantically clutching at scarlet under-garments which they did not seem able to manage; but such sights were rare, and it was

she took a keen and intelligent interest in all she saw. We learnt to distinguish her, if she really was "the Boston Girl," and thought she looked nicer than any of the others. But it was very warm when we were at Chicago, and the rigours of the toilet were relaxed. It was, indeed, no uncommon thing to see girls, who were not Boston girls, "veilless, gloveless, and bangless."

The one thing in which we were disappointed was the flowers. Anything would have grown in that air and soil, as witness the trees which from the four corners of the South Dakota State Building (they were cut before the sap began to run in spring, so in due course of time shoots

appeared which, at one time, and perhaps still, promise to become good-sized branches), and yet scarcely anything is to be seen in the park in perfection but cannas. South Dakota has a budding building; North Dakota has window-boxes on its State Building filled with one or two starveling geraniums and blue lobelias, none strong enough to produce a tolerably good flower, and on every box is a placard, which says: "It is a felony to take one of these flowers." So, even in "the wild and woolly West," a feeling for law may be said to exist.

DISTRESS IN THE COLLIERY DISTRICTS.

During the week ending Oct. 7 there was little actual change in the condition of the dispute between the colliers on strike and the owners of collieries in the Midland counties and South Yorkshire. Both these parties had agreed, before the end of the week, to accept the invitation of the mayors of different towns to attend a joint conference at Sheffield on Monday, Oct. 9, to endeavour to arrange for a settlement of the wages question. No more pits have been opened in Nottinghamshire during the week. In some instances there have been what appeared to be preparations for a resumption of work, and these have led to a hopeful feeling, but at all the larger collieries the actual position of affairs remains unchanged. The directors of the Notts and Midland Merchants' and Traders' Association have passed a lengthy resolution, copies of which are to be sent to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, and the President of the Board of Trade. The resolution points out that, owing to the dispute, a considerable number of shopkeepers and tradesmen are being compelled, through the paralysis of their business, to ask their creditors for an extension of time or to offer compositions, and, having referred to other disastrous effects of the strike, it implores the miners to submit their claims to arbitration and the colliery proprietors to make a concession. It was also resolved to present a petition to Parliament asking that an authority might be created for conciliation and arbitration. The distress in the mining districts of the country is now acute. Our illustrations show the dinner provided for miners' children at the Bosworth Road Board School, Nottingham.



THE DISTRESS IN THE COLLIERY DISTRICTS: DINNER FOR CHILDREN AT NOTTINGHAM.

have a picture on it, but it always had an advertisement too. Sometimes both pictures and advertisements grimly pointed to the changes and chances of this mortal life. The picture perhaps representing a man falling down a coal-shoot, while the advertisement was to this effect: "You break your leg, and we [such and such an insurance company] will do the rest."

disappointing that when a Maharajah came he should always, except on great occasions, wear what he believed to be American costume. His "head wear," it is true, was a turban, though only a white one, but his cloak was a long plain, closely fitting garment, more like a *soutane* than anything else, though in the newspapers it was described as a Prince Albert morning coat. There were

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INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.



From a Photograph by Van der Weyde.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The attention of ecclesiastical circles has been almost monopolised recently by the Church Congress at Birmingham. The gathering is the largest of the kind that has ever been held. For one thing the city is central, and for another the Congress was a new thing in Birmingham. Some tit-bits may be picked from the proceedings.

The Primate, who was enthusiastically received as a fellow-citizen, boldly defended the large incomes of the bishops. He owned that he had formerly thought that it would be better if their incomes were reduced, but he had changed his opinion. The calls upon a bishop's purse were infinite, and there was no bishop at the present time who did not spend more upon the Church than he received from it. This seems to imply that all bishops have private means, which is remarkable if true.

A warm supporter of the Archbishop's contention tells a story on this head. Some strong-minded woman had once the opportunity of airing her anti-Episcopalian views to a member of the "Bench." "Why, my Lord, do you think that if St. Peter or St. Paul were to return to earth—men who had to walk about barefoot or in sandals, preaching the gospel—what would they say if they saw our bishops now, comfortably clad, and travelling their dioceses in carriage and pair or first class by railway?" "Well, Madam," replied the shrewd bishop, "I think they would probably say, 'What a blessed change!'" It is difficult, however, to imagine St. Paul in a carriage and pair.

The experiences of the reception committee have been even more amusing than before. One host offered to a clergyman visitor a bed-room in which there was a little boy; another charitably offered a bed which would hold two; a third wrote "We have no bed accommodation, but we will offer to lunch three each day, and find dinner for six." A lady bringing her three daughters made application for hospitality; a clergyman in the North stipulated that he must bring his dog with him, and as the beast was ill from the distemper, he requested the address of a veterinary surgeon who would attend to him. The eminent Nonconformist minister, Dr. R. W. Dale, was unfortunately unable to read the address from his brethren, but it was written by him, and was a fine piece of stately eloquence; it was very cordially received. One touching incident was the appearance of the venerable Canon Carter, who was listened to in deep and reverent silence. Few men in the Church of England are more regarded than Canon Carter. Canon Knox-Little, in a smart speech, deprecated Mr. Adderley's enthusiasm for social problems; he said that there was unfairness to the poor in making them think that poverty was the one disease, when it was not; and it was

unfairness to the rich in forgetting that the rich had not made themselves rich, but were trustees of that which finally was not their own.

The announcement in the *Times* that Mr. Tom Mann was to be ordained to a curacy in the Church of England made something of a sensation. It was received with marked disfavour by Mr. Mann's followers in the labour ranks, and he himself was evidently annoyed at this publication. It is clear, however, that he had been seriously thinking of such a step, and, if it is carried out, it will be highly interesting to see what comes of it.

The Baptists' Union gatherings have been held this year in Reading. Reading is the smallest town which has



TESTIMONIAL TO SIR PRYCE PRYCE-JONES, M.P.

hitherto received a Union. The meetings, however, have been eminently successful, enthusiastic crowds having been present at nearly all of them.

The Congregational Union has its autumn session this year in London instead of in the provinces, as usual. The attendance is very large.

Emigration from European Russia to Siberia is greatly on the increase. The number who passed through the Government of Tobolsk in 1892 was 100,000 persons. Some emigrants take the southern route through Orenburg. The transport of goods by the steamers which ply between Tyumen—the terminus of the Ural railway—and the chief towns of South Siberia on the Obi and the Irtysh, attained 258,000 tons in 1892, the total traffic on the rivers of West Siberia being over 320,000 tons. There are 102 steamers, with 200 barges and boats.

PRESENTATION TO SIR PRYCE PRYCE-JONES, M.P.

The Montgomery Boroughs constituency have presented their member, Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, with a suite of three solid silver vases, in recognition of his services to the Unionist cause. This presentation took place on Thursday, Oct. 12, in the Townhall, Welshpool, the Earl of Powis presiding, and the Marquis of Londonderry taking part in the meeting. We give an illustration of the massive vases, which were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London. They bear a suitable inscription, with the arms and motto of Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, M.P. That gentleman, who is a manufacturer and merchant at Newtown, and has been High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire, was knighted in the Queen's Jubilee year, 1887; he is a Conservative, and was first elected M.P. in 1885, lost his seat in the next year, and regained it at the last General Election.

Tunis, hitherto known as an inland town on a shallow lake, navigable only by small craft, has now become a seaport by the construction of a canal through the lake, which places it in communication with the sea. The undertaking was commenced in 1885, and was sufficiently completed this year to open the port to navigation. Ships belonging to the French and Austrian lines of steamers have since then entered the Tunis basin regularly, but many other vessels continue to load and discharge at Goletta. The canal before entering the lake is 1750 metres long by 100 in breadth, and is 6½ metres deep at low water. Within the lake the length is 8900 metres, while the breadth is 30, the depth remaining the same as outside. Buoys are anchored in pairs along the banks at varying distances apart according to the requirements of the navigation. The number of lines of steamers trading with Tunis is increasing, amongst them being a direct line with Great Britain.

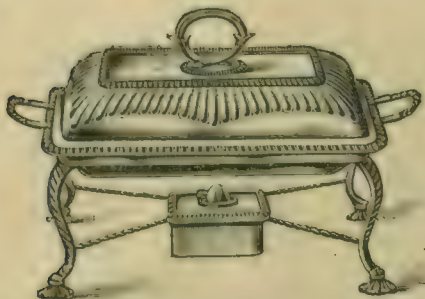
The steam-whaler Newport passed last winter in the Herschel Islands, and, aided by a sea particularly free from ice, worked her way north in the summer as far as the eighty-fourth parallel, or within six degrees of the North Pole. This is the most northerly point that has ever been reached. The ship was unable to proceed further.

It was announced on Oct. 14, in the Manchester City Council, that although the exact date of the opening of the ship canal was not yet determined, it would be ready for traffic from the entrance at Eastham to the Pomona Docks at Manchester by New Year's Day. There would then be a depth of 26ft. all the way except at a few short lengths, where temporarily there might be only a depth of 23ft.

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10 " ... 3 0 0 | 14 " ... 4 15 0



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"UTOPIA (LIMITED)," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

The new comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, produced at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday, Oct. 7, has been received with such unanimous favour that the authors must feel inclined more than ever to regret the trifling difference that kept them apart for upwards of three years. The story of "Utopia (Limited)" is not too serious for the music, nor the music too serious for the story. Both fit each other perfectly, and we have in consequence a delightful specimen of the operatic growth known scientifically as the *Gilbertis-Sullivanus*.

Utopia, an island in the South Pacific, is the scene of the latest topsy-turvy creation. The inhabitants of this distant tropical clime are engaged in Anglicising themselves, their institutions, and their mode of life generally. When the opera begins, matters are reaching a crisis, with the return home, after five years at Gorton, of the Princess Zara, eldest daughter of Paramount, King of Utopia. Things are already fairly English, but they are not sufficiently so for this pretty Gorton girl, who wears the latest Parisian costumes, flirts seriously with Captain Fitz-battleaxe, of the 1st Life Guards, quotes her "expurgated Juvenal," and brings over with her certain "Flowers of Progress" who embody some of the "principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy,

and blameless country which the consensus of European civilisation has declared it to be." Partly in order to rid himself of two scheming Wise Men, who hold him in their power, the King readily accepts the offer of these pillars of the British State to reorganise his country, and he even gets in advance of Great Britain by availing himself of the proposal of Mr. Goldbury, a company-promoter, to convert Utopia into a limited liability company under "The Act of Sixty-Two." This crucial point is arrived at through much clever Gilbertian dialogue (of the genuine as distinguished from the Brummagem type) and still cleverer lyrics, which Sir Arthur Sullivan has set to music in his own inimitable manner. There is room, perhaps, for compression in the talk of the Wise Men, but apart from this not a line need be eliminated, while every song and dance, every chorus, and every ensemble is a more or less charming setting of some precious bit of satire or sentiment. The duets between Scaphio and Phantis (Messrs. Denny and Le Hay) and the twin princesses (Misses Florence Perry and Emmie Owen); the fascinating waltz melody, "Bold-faced Ranger," sung by Lady Sophy (Miss Rosina Brandram); the tuneful song descriptive of life's farce for the King (Mr. Rutland Barrington); the swinging martial refrain of the "1st Life Guards"; and the capital finale, with its happy quotation from "Pinafore" and Mr. Goldbury's song on company promotion (excellently rendered by Mr. Scott Fiske), are all worthy of Sir Arthur Sullivan at his best.

In the second act, which affords a glimpse of the results

of reorganisation on an English basis, we have the great feature of the new piece—a Drawing-Room held with all possible state in the throne-room of King Paramount's palace. Nothing more truly regal or more strikingly realistic has been witnessed upon the stage than this costly reproduction of a scene hitherto familiar only to the privileged persons of the land. It is admirably done in every detail, and to make it absolutely perfect we would only suggest that Sir Arthur should add a few more bars to his lovely gavotte in order to avoid any necessity for hurrying the ceremonial. The Drawing-Room seems to be the only successful item in the new régime. The Cabinet Council, held under the presidency of the King, degenerates forthwith into a Christy Minstrel entertainment, and the modern views of Mr. Goldbury and his friend the Lord Chamberlain speedily upset the modest notions of propriety instilled into the younger Princesses by the blameless Lady Sophy. There are worse troubles than these, but ultimately Princess Zara finds a remedy for them all in that famous British nostrum "Government by Party," the outcome of which we are left to imagine when the curtain finally falls. Altogether this second act is even better than the first, and we would make special mention of the pretty scene for Zara and the Captain with which it opens—a scene capitably sung and played by Miss Nancy McIntosh and Mr. C. Kenningham. Superbly staged and well performed, the opera goes practically to perfection, and its triumphant success is in every way deserved.

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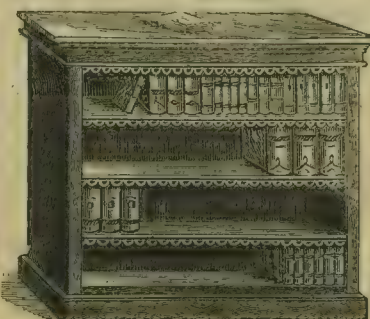
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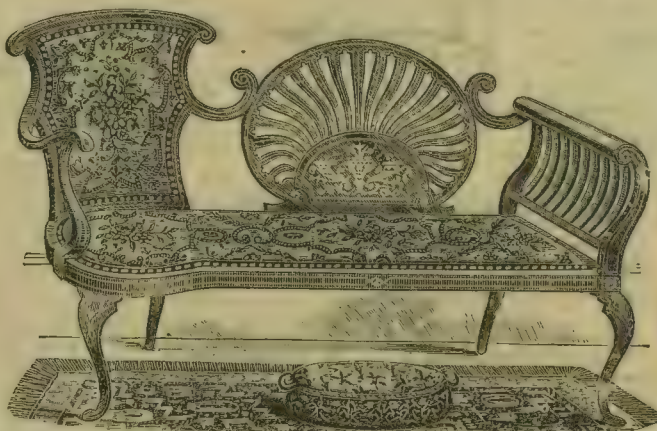


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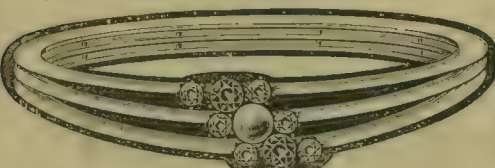
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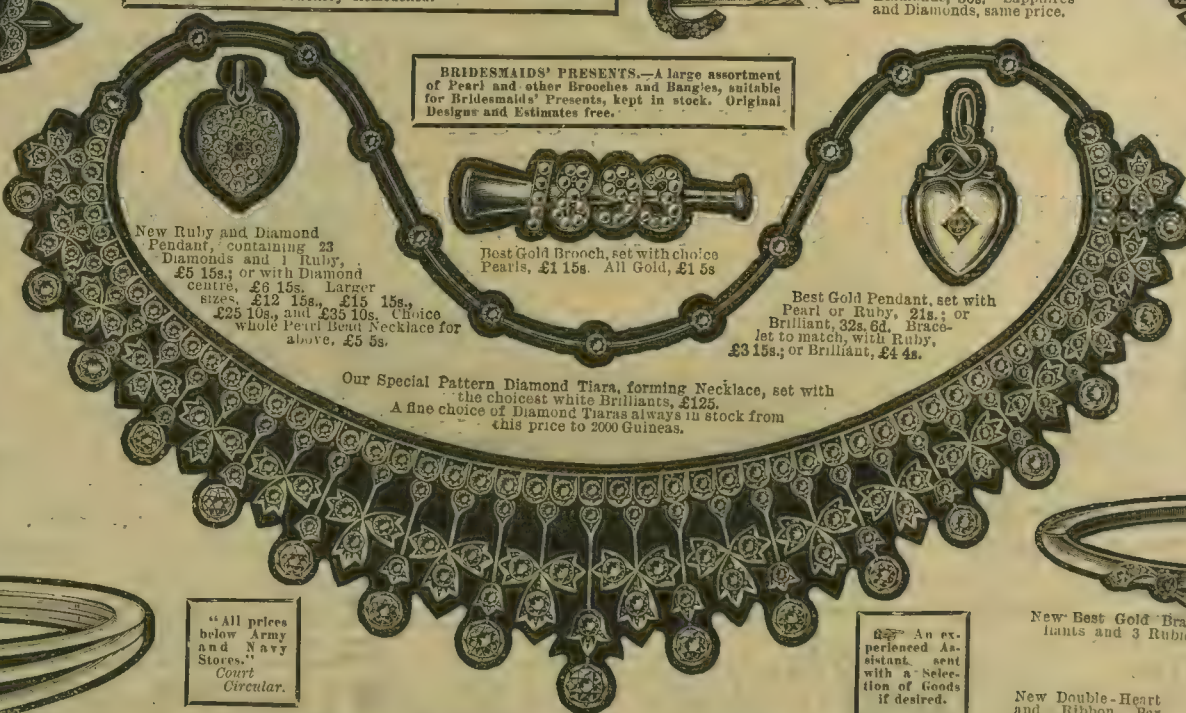


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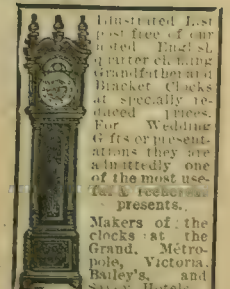
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 15, 1888), of Mr. George Fournier, late of 29, Lansdowne Road, Dalston, who died on Sept. 4 at Guy's Hospital, was proved on Sept. 30 by Frederick Maples, William Maples, and the Rev. William Bentley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his niece Elizabeth Smith; £2000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children; £2000 each to the children of his late nephew, George Gretton; £3500 to his niece Harriet Atkinson; £3000 each to his nieces Martha Gretton, Mary Gretton, and Emily Elizabeth Gretton; £500 to George Coleby Mackrow; £3000 between the said George Coleby Mackrow and his children by his marriage with the testator's late niece; £500 to the Poplar Hospital; and other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves equally between the London Hospital, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital (Moorfields), St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula (City Road), King's College Hospital, and the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road).

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1892) of M. Alphonse François Mario Dano, late of 5, Avenue Kléber, Paris, Minister Plenipotentiary, and Commander of the Legion of Honour, who died on July 6, was proved in London on Sept. 30 by Mlle. Maria de la Luz Dolores Manuela Alphonsine Josephine Jeanne Stéphanie Dano, the daughter and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal

estate in England amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives annuities and legacies to sisters-in-law, nephew, niece, cousins, servants, and others. He does not make any disposition of the residue of his property; it will therefore pass to his heirs according to the law of France.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1893) of Mrs. Elizabeth Downing, late of Dunsley House, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, who died on May 28, was proved on Sept. 30 by William Aaron, the brother, and William Havelock Elliott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths her jewellery, &c., to her said brother and her sister Mary Johnson; £500 to her husband Henry Parrish Downing, and she confirms to him a life interest in the trust funds of their marriage settlement; and £1000 to Julia Wrather, to be paid on the death of her (testatrix's) husband. The residue of her property, including certain trust funds under her marriage settlement, on the death of her husband, she leaves, upon trust, for her brother William Aaron and her sister Mary Johnson for their lives, with benefit of survivorship; and on the death of the survivor between her cousins Laura Dudley Short, Florence Elliott, Lucy Elliott, and William Havelock Elliott.

The will of Dame Elizabeth Isabella Smart, late of Chiswick, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Sept. 26 by the Rev. Robert William John Smart, the son, Mrs. Isabella Dora Anderson, and Henry Edward Burgess,

the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5900.

The will of Mr. Alexander William Jackson, late of West Villa, Shrewsbury Lane, Shooters Hill, Kent, who died on July 25, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Anna Maria White Jackson, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7290.

The will of Mr. Edward Sampson Eardley Cousins Eardley, late of 13, Station Road, Finchley, who died on July 21, was proved on Sept. 18 by William George Wilkins and Edward Culling Ernest Eardley, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3957.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Henry Wood, late of Pembroke Lodge, South Norwood, who died on Aug. 17, were proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Mary Ann Wood, the widow, and William Ernest Wood, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5213.

The will (dated June 13, 1883) of the Rev. Thomas Mozley, late of 7, Lansdown Terrace, Cheltenham, who died on June 17, was proved at the Gloucester District Registry on Sept. 9 by Mrs. Elisabeth Baker Mozley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2756. The testator gives the chimney-glass he purchased at Ailsa House to Lady Gilbert Kennedy; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his wife absolutely.

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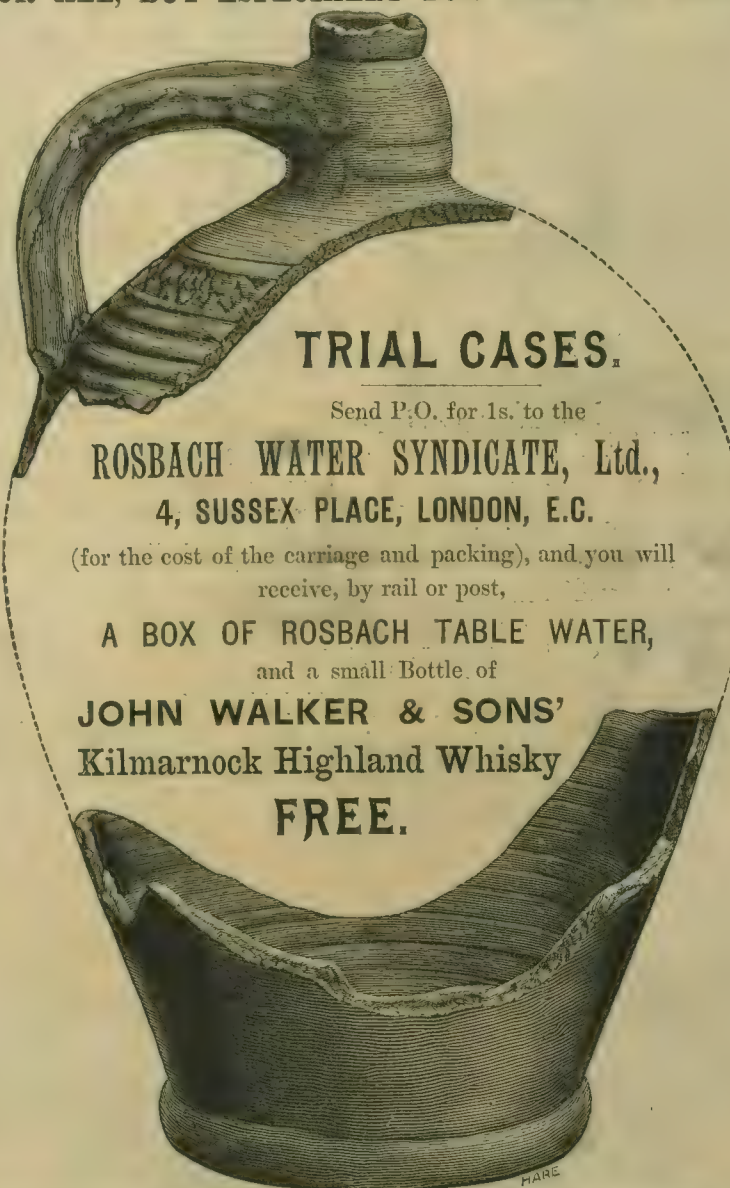
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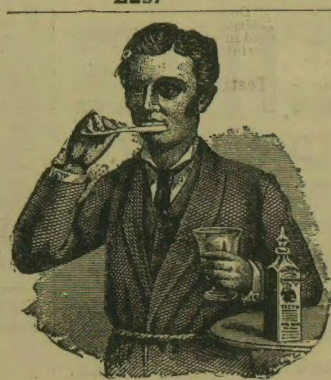
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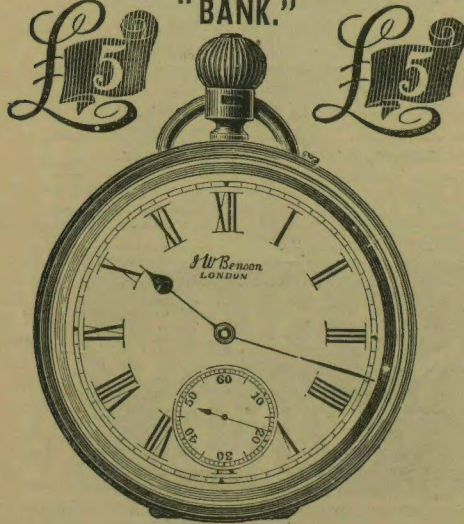
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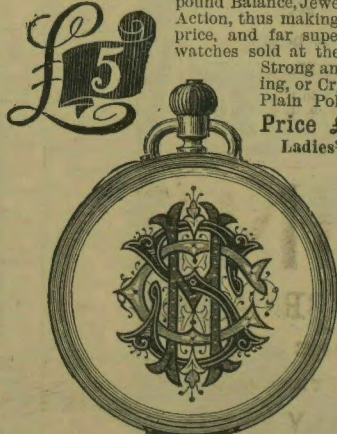
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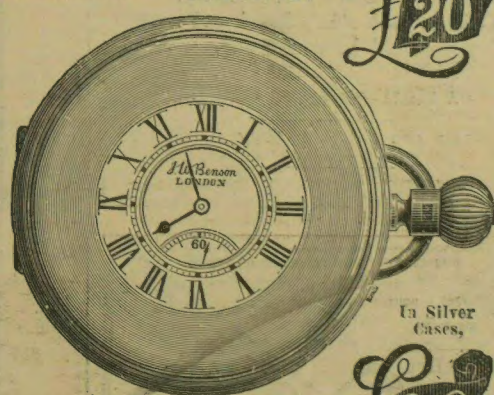
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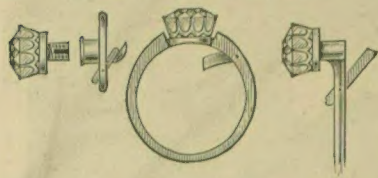
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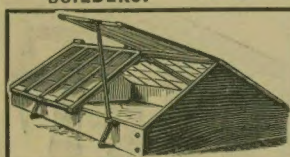


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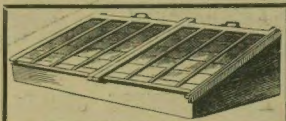
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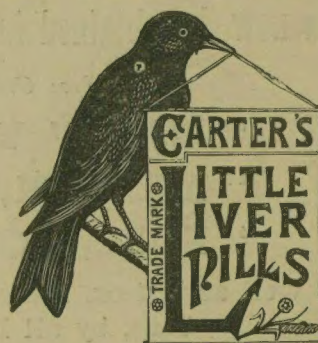
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